1. May 1, 1867 - New Publications [Jumping Frog]

—In a handsomely printed and tastefully bound little volume, called the *Jumping Frog*, which is the initial venture of Mr. C. H. WEBB as a publisher, "Mark Twain" presents himself as

a candidate for the honors of a humorist. "Mark Twain" is, we believe, the *nom de plume* of Mr. SAMUEL CLEMENS, who, although a Missourian by birth, has for the last year had his residence in California. There his contributions to the weekly journals secured him a wide popularity, and this volume serves to introduce him to the lovers of humor in the Atlantic States. The sketch from which the book takes its name was first published several years ago, and at that time was widely circulated through the newspapers. It is a fair specimen of the whimsical fancies in which the book abounds, and, although there are other sketches nearly equal to it in merit, it is appropriately assigned the leading place because it has done more than any other single paper to secure for the writer whatever reputation he may have. "Mark Twain" differs from other recent writers of his class in not resorting to the adventitious aid of bad spelling to make his jokes seem more absurd, and this is, of course, decidedly in his favor. There is a great deal of quaint humor and much pithy wisdom in his writings, and their own merit, as well as the attractive style in which they are produced, must secure them a popularity which will bring its own profit. The American News Company are the agents for the publisher, and he is, by the way, also editor of the volume.

2. May 7, 1867 - Mark Twain's Lecture [Sandwich Islands]

Mark Twain's Lecture.

A full and attentive audience assembled at the Cooper Institute last evening to listen to the recital of Mark Twain's experiences in the Sandwich Islands. Nearly every one present came prepared for considerable provocation for enjoyable laughter, and from the appearance of the mirthful faces leaving the hall at the conclusion of the lecture, but few were disappointed, and it not too much to say that seldom has so large an audience been so uniformly pleased as the one that listened to Mark Twain's quaint remarks last evening. The large hall of the Union was filled to its utmost capacity by fully two thousand persons, which fact spoke well for the brilliant reputation of the lecturer and his future success. Mr. Twain's style is a quaint one, both in manner and method, and throughout his discourse he managed to keep on the right side of his audience and frequently convulsed it with hearty laughter. Some of the anecdotes related were wittily told, and so embellished as to be doubly enjoyed by his hearers. While the speaker made some very amusing comments upon the habits and customs of the Sandwich Islanders, he stated that all the facts related by him were strictly true, and several of them appeared quite strange as well as true. The speaker gave the American missionaries great credit for their work in civilizing and converting the Islanders, and spoke of the singular fact that the descendants of these missionaries have no stain upon their moral character, being exemplary citizens.

During his description of the topography of the Sandwich Islands, the lecturer surprised his hearers by a graphic and eloquent description of the irruption of the great volcano which occurred in 1840, and his language was loudly applauded.

Judging from the success achieved by the lecturer last evening, he should repeat the experiment at an early day.

3. June 9, 1867 - The Pleasure Excursion to Europe and Palestine - Sailing of the Quaker City

The Pleasure Excursion to Europe and Palestine—Sailing of the Quaker City.

The steamer *Quaker City*, Capt. DUNCAN, sailed from this port yesterday, having on board the private excursion party destined for a Summer trip up the Mediterranean, touching at Gibraltar, Marseilles, Genoa, Leghorn, Naples, Smyrna, Joppa, Alexandria, Malta, Valencia, Madeira, &c., and returning the latter part of October. This excursion was set on foot some four months ago by Capt. DUNCAN, and was originally designed to embrace a select and somewhat exclusive party, but before the steamer sailed it was found necessary to lower the standard a little, and ordinary persons with $1,200 to spend were enabled to purchase tickets. Rev. HENRY WARD BEECHER, who was early announced to be of the party, found it inconvenient to make the trip, and more recently Gen. SHERMAN was compelled to forego the pleasure; so that after the withdrawal of these two leading names from the bill of attractions, the passenger list gradually diminished until the steamer was obliged to sail with about half the complement of names provided for in the original programme. Nevertheless the party will doubtless be equally jolly, if not quite so select as at first contemplated, and the excursion cannot fail to prove a pleasant and enjoyable mode of passing the Summer. It is designed to reach the leading ports in the following order: Marseilles, about the 27th June; Naples, 27th July; Constantinople, 13th August; Alexandria, 12th September; Gibraltar, 21 October, arriving home before Nov. 1. At all of these places the steamer will stop long enough to give the excursionists an opportunity to make a trip into the interior and visit adjacent points of interest. Those who prefer to remain on board the steamer while lying in port will be allowed to do so without additional expense. The sailing of the steamer yesterday morning drew together a large throng of people upon the wharf, composed mainly of the friends and relatives of the passengers, many of whom accompanied the *Quaker City* down the bay in the steamboat *S. O. Pierce*, which was chartered for the occasion. The excursionists number about seventy-five persons, as follows:

A. F. Allen, New York City; Dr. E. Andrews, Albany, N. Y.; J. G. Terry, St. Louis, Mo.; Mr. and Mrs. A. Doll, Portsmouth, Ohio; T. S. Bockwith, Cleveland, Ohio; M. S., C. Y. and Miss F. Beach, Brooklyn; Dr. G. Birch, Missouri; Mr. and Mrs. J. W. and Miss Bond, St. Paul, Mo.; Dr. M. Brown, Circleville, Ohio; Jno. Brynam, Philadelphia; Rev. H. Lullard, Wayland, Mass.; S. (Mark Twain) Clemens, California; Miss Chadcyne, Jersey City; W. F. Church, Cincinnati, Ohio; Dr. A. and Master Crane, New-York City; Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Crocker, Cleveland, Ohio; D. H. Cutler, Long Island; Nathan Decan, Long Island; J. W. Denny, Winchester, Va.; Mr. and Mrs. Fred. Dimon, Norwalk, Conn.; Mrs. C. C. and Sons; G. H. Duncan, Brooklyn; P. A. Elliott, Columbus, Ohio; Mrs. Fairbanks, Ohio; J. Herron Foster, Pennsylvania; W. and Mrs. Gibson, Jamestown, Penn.; Rev. F. H. Greer, Boston, Mass.; John Greenwood, Jr., New-York City; S. M. Griswold and wife, New-York City; Gen. B. B. Grubb, Burlington, N. J.; Mrs. J. O. Green, Washington; G. Heiss, Philadelphia; Capt. W. R. Hoel, Cincinnati; Hon. J. S. Houlendan, Harrisburgh; Rev. B. C. Hutchinson, St. Louis; James K. Hyde, Sudbury; J. G. Isham, Cincinnati, Ohio; Dr. A. A. Reeve Jackson, Stroudsburgh; W. E. James, Brooklyn; Frederick P. Jenkins, Boston, Mass.; Col. P. Kinny, Portsmouth, Ohio; Charles L. Langdon, New-York City; Miss Lecowe, San Francisco, Cal.; Daniel Leary, New-York City; Mrs. F. G. Lee, New-York City; Mr. and Mrs. E. R. Lockwood, Newark, Conn.; J. M. May, Janesville, Wis.; Mrs. Mitchell, Boston, Mass.; Miss Maggie Mitchell, Boston, Mass.; L. Moody, Canton, N. Y.; J. Monlton, St. Johns, Mo.; A. Nelson, Alton, Ill.; P. S. Nesbit, Fulton, Mo.; Miss Newell, Janesville; W. A. Otis, Cleveland; C. C. Paine, Pennsylvania; Rev. A. L. Park and Miss Park, Boston; G. H. Parsons, New-York; Dr. and Mrs. J. H. Payne, Boston; G. W. Quereau, Aurora; S. N. Sandard, Cleveland; S. L. Severance, Cleveland; Daniel Sloan, St. Louis; S. Willets, Long Island.

4. July 23, 1871 - A Real Church ....July 23, 1871 & A New Beecher Church

A Real Church.

We print elsewhere an account of a church proposed, if we may believe the gentleman who calls himself "Mark Twain," to be erected in Elmira, according to the plans and wishes of Rev. THOMAS K. BEECHER. The writer of this account has on several occasions deluded a too credulous public with what appears to him practical jokes, and this tale of his may be only another joke; but if it is, it is admirably conceived and worthy to be made a fact.

He relates that Mr. BEECHER, who is a well-known and justly-esteemed clergyman in Elmira, proposes, and his congregation consents, to erect a series of buildings, in connection with the church proper, to include Sunday-school rooms, a lecture-room, an assembly room, where any member of the church may give a social "party" to his friends; an infirmary, for the care of the sick poor belonging to the church, thoroughly fitted and supplied with attendants and with a kitchen; a set of bath-rooms, where the church members, or those who have no such conveniences at home, may bathe free of charge, and a free library. In connection with the infirmary, the church is to keep a horse and carriage, to give its sick poor the air.

To a good many people such a scheme as this would doubtless seem Quixotic and impracticable. To us, we confess, it appears not only practical, but eminently wise. What is the object of a church? For what do a number of people unite together as a church organization? Is it to erect, furnish, and maintain a showy building, and install therein and support a brilliant orator, to whom they shall listen once, or perhaps twice, in the week, and who shall reflect upon them much glory? That appears undoubtedly the main object of most congregations. To be sure, they do something more. They support, if they are rich, missionary chapels for the accommodation of the poor; they are benevolent in various ways; but many of the ways, though convenient, are essentially wrong and sometimes, in the long run, mischievous, because they separate the rich from the poor.

A church, to be complete and properly organized, ought to include poor and rich alike; it ought to provide for the wants of both; it ought to bring them together, to establish and maintain between them mutual relations of kindness and brotherly interest; it ought to provide for its sick poor; it should see after the welfare of its members; in short, it ought to do what, according to Mark Twain, Mr. BEECHER'S Church proposes to try in Elmira.

"Fewer psalms and more supper," was what a little street urchin proposed, in London, as an amendment to the practice of some benevolent body which had taken him in charge; and he was right. Mr. BRACE'S efforts among the poor children in this City have been successful, because he and those who have labored with him have been able to convince the children that they were interested, not only in their eternal, but in their present and material, welfare. A few years ago a well-known citizen of Brooklyn, now dead, but still remembered with gratitude by hundreds of young men in this City and elsewhere, was the Superintendent of a very popular and successful Sunday-school; and it was his constant practice, not only to instruct and train the boys and girls—mostly poor and many friendless—on Sunday, but also to see that they were properly and usefully employed; to look after their advancement in the workshops where they earned their living; to seek employment for those who needed it; in short, he was not only their teacher, he was their helper, their guide, their friend and ally. He was, to them, what, if we may believe Mark Twain, Mr. BEECHER'S people in Elmira propose to be to all who are of their membership—a helper in the time of need, an encourager, a comforter. His friendship aided and strengthened many hundreds of youth to live upright lives, to resist the temptations of City life; and to be patient, hopeful, and industrious.

Thus to encourage and help, by contact, by familiar acquaintance, by example, and by Christian kindness, rather than by the gift of money, or old clothes, seems to us to be the true office of a Christian Church; and we trust Mr. T. K. BEECHER, who has the reputation of being a persistent man, will be able to give his plan a fair trial.

A NEW BEECHER CHURCH.

BY MARK TWAIN.

If Rev. Mr. Smith, or Rev. Mr. Jones, or Rev. Mr. Brown, were about to build a new church edifice it would be projected on the same old pattern, and be like pretty much all the other churches in the country, and so I would naturally mention it as a new Presbyterian Church, or a new Methodist, or a new Baptist Church, and never think of calling it by the pastor's name; but when a Beecher projects a church, that edifice is necessarily going to be something entirely fresh and original. It is not going to be like any other church in the world; it is going to be as variegated, eccentric and marked with as peculiar and striking an individuality as a Beecher himself; it is going to have a deal more Beecher in it than any one narrow creed can fit in it without rattling, or any one arbitrary order or architecture can symmetrically enclose and cover. Consequently, to call it a Congregational Church would not give half an idea of the thing. There is only one word broad enough and deep enough to take in the whole affair and express it clearly, luminously and concisely—and that is *Beecher*. The projected edifice I am about to speak of is, therefore, properly named in my caption as a new "*Beecher* Church."

The projector is Rev. THOMAS K. BEECHER—brother of the other one, of course—I never knew but one BEECHER that wasn't, and *he* was a nephew. The new church is to be built in Elmira, N. Y., where Mr. BEECHER has been preaching to one and the same congregation for the last sixteen years, and is thoroughly esteemed and beloved by his people. I have had opportunity to hear all about the new church, for I have lately been visiting in Elmira.

Now, when one has that disease which gives its possessor the title of "humorist," he must make oath to his statements, else the public will not believe him. Therefore, I make solemn oath that what I am going to tell about the new church is the strict truth.

The main building—for there are to be three, massed together in a large grassy square, ornamented with quite a forest of shade trees—will be the church proper. It will be lofty, in order to secure good air and ventilation. The auditorium will be circular—an amphitheatre, after the ordinary pattern of an opera-house, without galleries. It is to seat a thousand persons. On one side (or one end, if you choose,) will be an ample raised platform for the minister, the rear half of which will be occupied by the organ and the choir. Before the minister will be the circling amphitheatre of pews, the first thirty or forty on the level floor, and the next rising in graduated tiers to the walls. The seats on the level floor will be occupied by the aged and infirm, who can enter the church through a hall under the speaker's platform without climbing any stairs. The people occupying the raised tiers will enter by a dozen doors opening into the church from a lobby like an opera-house lobby, and descend the various aisles to their places. In case of fire or earthquakes, these numerous exits will be convenient and useful.

exits will be convenient and useful.

No space is to be wasted. Under the raised tiers of pews are to be stalls for horses and carriages, so that these may be sheltered from sun and rain. There will be twenty-four of these stalls, each stall to be entered by an arch of ornamental masonry—no doors to open or shut. Consequently the outside base of the church will have a formidable port-holed look, like a man-of-war. The stalls are to be so mailed with "deadeners," and so thoroughly plastered, that neither sound nor smell can ascend to the church and offend the worshippers. The horses will be in attendance at church but an hour or two at a time, of course, and can defile the stalls but little; an immediate cleansing after they leave is to set that all right again.

There is to be no steeple on the church—merely because no practical use can be made of it.

There is to be no bell, because any ignoramus knows what time church service begins without that exasperating nuisance. In explanation of this remark, I will state that at home I suffer in the vicinity and under the distracting clangor of thirteen church bells, all of whom (is that right?) clamor at once, and no two in accord. A large part of my most valuable time is taken up in devising cruel and unusual sufferings, and, in fancy, inflicting them on those bell-ringers, and having a good time.

The second building is to be less lofty than the church; is to be built right against the rear of it, and communicate with it by a door. It is to have two stories. On the first floor will be three distinct Sunday-school rooms—all large, but one considerably larger than the other two. The Sunday-school connected with Mr. BEECHER'S church has always been a "graded" one, and each department singularly thorough in its grade of instruction; the pupil wins his advancement to the higher grades by hard-won proficiency, not by mere added years. The largest of the three compartments will be used as the main Sunday-school room, and for the week-day evening lecture.

The whole upper story of this large building will be well lighted and ventilated, and occupied wholly as a play-room for the children of the church, and it will stand open and welcome to them through all the week days. They can fill it with their playthings if they choose, and besides it will be furnished with dumb-bells, swings, rocking-horses, and all such matters as children delight in. The idea is to make a child look upon a church as only another home, and a sunny one, rather than as a dismal exile or a prison.

The third building will be less lofty than the second; it will adjoin the rear of the second, and communicate with it by a door or doors. It will consist of three stories. Like the other two buildings, it will cover considerable ground. On the first floor will be the "church parlors," where the usual social gatherings of modern congregations are held. On the same floor, and opening into the parlors, will be a reception-room, and also a circulating library—a *free* library—not simply free to the church membership, but to everybody, just as is the present library of Mr. BEECHER'S church (and few libraries are more extensively and more diligently and gratefully used than this one). Also, on this floor, and communicating with the parlors, will be—tell it not in Gath, publish it not in Askalon!—six *bath-rooms!*—hot and cold water—free tickets issued to any applicant among the unclean of the congregation! The idea is sound and sensible for

to any applicant among the unclean of the congregation! The idea is sound and sensible, for this reason: Many members of all congregations have no good bathing facilities, and are not able to pay for them at the barber-shops without feeling the expense; and yet a luxurious bath is a thing that all civilized beings greatly enjoy and derive healthful benefit from. The church buildings are to be heated by steam, and consequently the waste steam can be very judiciously utilized in the proposed bath-rooms. In speaking of this bath-room project, I have revealed a state secret—but I never could keep one of any kind, state or otherwise. Even the congregation were not to know of this matter; the building committee were to leave it unmentioned in their report; but I got hold of it—and from a member of that committee, too—and I had rather part with one of my hind legs than keep still about it. The bath-rooms are unquestionably to be built, and so why not tell it?

In the second story of this third building will be the permanent home of the "Church missionary," a lady who constantly looks after the poor and sick of the Church; also a set of lodging and living-rooms for the janitors (or janitresses (?) for they will be women. Mr. BEECHER holding that women are tidier and more efficient in such a position than men, and that they ought to dwell upon the premises and give them their undivided care;) also, on this second floor are to be six rooms to do duty as a church infirmary for the sick and poor of the congregation, this Church having always supported and taken care of its own unfortunates, instead of leaving them to the public charity. In the infirmary will be kept one or two water-beds (for invalids whose pains will not allow them to lie on a less yielding substance) and half a dozen reclining invalid-chairs on wheels. The water-beds and invalid-chairs at present belonging to the church are always in demand, and never out of service. Part of the appurtenances of the new church will be a horse and an easy vehicle, to be kept and driven by a janitor, and used wholly for giving the church's indigent invalids air and exercise. It is found that such an establishment is daily needed—so much so, indeed, as to almost amount to a church necessity.

The third story of this third building is to be occupied as the church kitchen, and it is sensibly placed aloft, so that the ascending noises and boarding-house smells shall go up and aggravate the birds instead of the saints—except such of the latter as are above the clouds, and they can easily keep out of the way of it, no doubt. Dumb-waiters will carry the food down to the church parlors instead of up. Why is it that nobody has thought of the simple wisdom of this arrangement before? Is it for a church to step forward and tell us how to get rid of kitchen smells and noises? If it be asked why the new church will need a kitchen, I remind the reader of the infirmary occupants, &c. They must eat; and, beside, social gatherings of members of this congregation meet at the church parlors as often as three and four evenings a week, and sew, drink tea, and g—. G—. It commences with g, I think, but somehow I cannot think of the word. The new church parlors will be large, and it is intended that these social gatherings shall be promoted and encouraged, and that they shall take an added phase, viz.: When several families want to indulge in a little reunion, and have not room in their small houses at home, they can have it in the church parlors. You will notice in every feature of this new church one predominant idea and purpose always discernible—the binding together of the congregation as a family, and the making of the church a home. You see it in the play-room, the library, the parlors, the baths, the infirmary—it is everywhere. It is the great central, ruling idea. To entirely consummate such a thing would be impossible with nearly any other congregation in the UNION; but

after sixteen years of moulding and teaching. Mr. BEECHER has made it wholly possible and practicable with this one. It is not stretching metaphor too far to say that he is the father of his people, and his church their mother.

If the new church project is a curiosity, it is still but an inferior curiosity compared to the plan of raising the money for it. One could have told, with his eyes shut and one hand tied behind him, that it originated with a BEECHER —I was going to say with a lunatic, but the success of the plan robs me of the opportunity.

When it was decided to build a new church edifice, at a cost of not less than $40,000 nor more than $50,000, (for the membership is not 350 strong, and there are not six men in it who can strictly be called rich,) Mr. BEECHER gave to each member a printed circular, inclosed in an envelope, prepaid and addressed to himself, to be returned through the Post-office :

[Confidential.]

It is proposed to build a meeting-house and other rooms for the use of the church. To do this work honestly and well, it is proposed to spend one year in raising a part of the money in advance, and in getting plans and making contracts.

One year, plans and contracts.....April 1, 1871 to 1872
One year, build and cover in.....April 1, 1872 to 1873
One year, plaster, finish and furnish. April 1, 1873 to 1874
One year, pay for in full and dedicate. April 1, 1871 to 1875

It is proposed to expend not less than $20,000, nor more than $50,000, according to the ability shown by the returns of these cards of confidential subscription. Any member of the church and congregation, or any friend of the church, is allowed and invited to subscribe. But no one is urged.

T. K. BEECHER, Pastor.

To help build our meeting-house I think I shall be able to give

Not less than $.....and
Not more than $.....

Each year for four years, beginning April 1, 1871.
Or I can make in one payment $.....

Trusting in the Lord to help me, I hereby subscribe the same as noted above.

Name.....
Residence.....

The subscriptions were to be wholly *voluntary* and strictly *confidential* ; no one was to know the amount of a man's subscription except himself and the minister ; nobody was urged to give anything at all ; all were simply invited to give whatever sum they felt was right and just, from ten cents upward, and no questions asked, no criticisms made, no revealments uttered. There was no possible chance for glory, for even though a man gave his whole fortune, nobody would ever know it. I do not know when anything has struck me as being so Utopian, so absurdly romantic, so ignorant, on its face, of human nature. And so anybody would have thought. Parties said Mr. BEECHER had " educated " his people, and that each would give as he privately felt able, and not bother about the glory. I believed human nature to be a more potent educator than any minister, and that the result would show it. But I was wrong. At the end of a month or two, some two-thirds of the circulars had wended back, one by one, to the pastor, silently and secretly, through the post-office, and then, without mentioning the name of any giver, or the amount of his gift, Mr. BEECHER announced from the pulpit that all the money needed was pledged—the certain amount being over $45,000, and the possible amount over $53,-000! When the remainder of the circulars have come in, it is confidently expected and believed that they will add to these amounts a sum of not less than $10,000. A great many subscriptions from children and working men consisted

not less than $10,000. A great many subscriptions from children and working men consisted of cash inclosures, ranging from a ten-cent currency stamp up to five, ten, and fifteen dollars. As I said before, the plan of levying the building tax, and the success of the plan, are much more curious and surprising than the exceedingly curious edifice the money is to create.

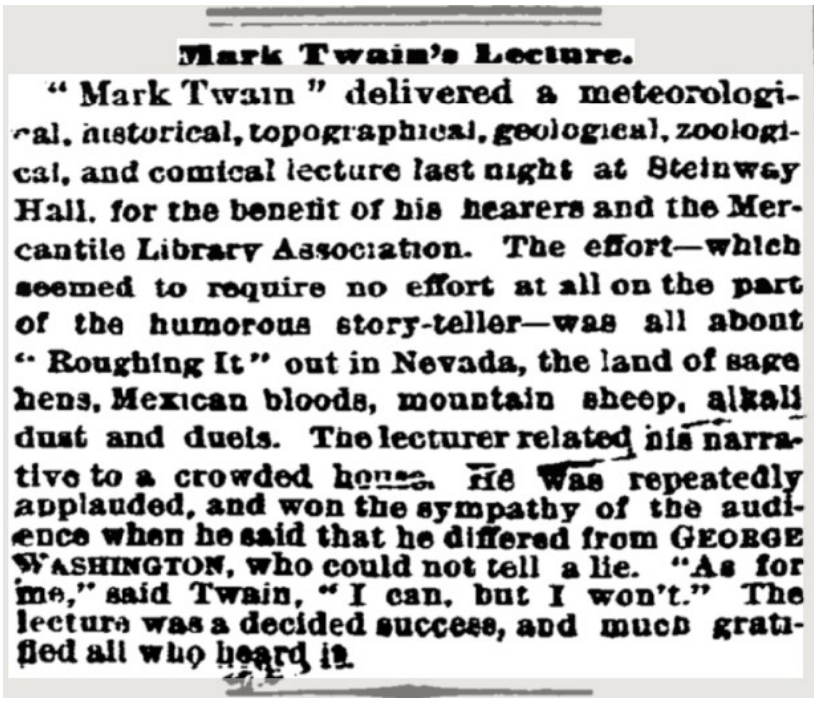
The reason the moneys are to be paid in four annual instalments—for that is the plan—is partly to make the payments easy, but chiefly because the church is to be substantially built, and its several parts allowed time to settle and season, each in its turn. For instance, the superstructures will be allowed a good part of the first year to settle and compact themselves after completion; the walls the second year, and so forth and so on. There is to be no work done by contract, and no unseasoned wood used. The materials are to be sound and good, and honest, competent, conscientious workmen (BEECHER says there are such, the opinion of the world to the contrary notwithstanding,) hired at full wages, by the day, to put them together.

The above statements are all true and genuine, according to the oath I have already made thereto, and which I am now about to repeat before a notary, in legal form, with my hand upon the book. Consequently, we are going to have at least one sensible, but very, very curious church in America.

I am aware that I had no business to tell all these matters, but the reporter instinct was strong upon me, and I could not help it. And besides they were in everybody's mouth in Elmira, anyway.

BUFFALO, June, 1871.

5. January 25, 1872 - Mark Twain's Lecture ["Roughing It"]



Mark Twain's Lecture.

"Mark Twain" delivered a meteorological, historical, topographical, geological, zoological, and comical lecture last night at Steinway Hall, for the benefit of his hearers and the Mercantile Library Association. The effort—which seemed to require no effort at all on the part of the humorous story-teller—was all about "Roughing It" out in Nevada, the land of sage hens, Mexican bloods, mountain sheep, alkali dust and duels. The lecturer related his narrative to a crowded house. He was repeatedly applauded, and won the sympathy of the audience when he said that he differed from GEORGE WASHINGTON, who could not tell a lie. "As for me," said Twain, "I can, but I won't." The lecture was a decided success, and much gratified all who heard it.

6. November 26, 1872 - PERILS OF THE SEA

PERILS OF THE SEA.

Dismantling of a British Bark in a Hurricane.

Eleven Men Washed from the Wreck and Drowned.

Sufferings of Four Others Found in the Rigging.

Mark Twain's Account of the Rescue of the Survivors.

Destructive Gale on Saturday in the British Channel.

Special Dispatch to the New-York Times.

BOSTON, Nov. 25.—The Cunard steamship Batavia, Capt. Moulard, arrived at this port today, and reports that on the 19th of November, when in latitude 49° 16′ north, longitude 41° 27′ west, she fell in with the British bark Charles Ward, of Newcastle, England, water-logged and dismasted in a hurricane, on the morning of the 18th, and took off the survivors of the bark's complement of twenty men, the other eleven having been washed off the wreck. Mark Twain, who was a passenger on the Batavia, addresses a communication to the Royal Humane Society, giving a detailed account of the wreck, and bestowing the warmest praise on the officers of the Batavia. He says, under date of Wednesday:

"On Sunday night a strong west wind began to blow, and not long after midnight it increased to a gale. By 4 o'clock the sea was running very high. At 7½ our starboard bulwarks were stove in, and the water entered the main saloon. At a later hour the gangway on the port side came in with a crash, and the sea followed, flooding many of the state-rooms on that side. At the same time a sea crossed the roof of the vessel, and carried away one of our boats, splintering it to pieces, and taking one of the davits with it. At 9½ the glass was down to 28.35, and the gale was blowing with a severity which the officers say is not experienced oftener than once in five or ten years. The storm continued during the day and all night, and also all day yesterday, but with moderated violence. At 4 P. M. a dismasted vessel was sighted. A furious squall had just broken upon us, and the sea was running mountains high, to use the popular expression. Nevertheless Capt. Moulard immediately bore up for the wreck, which was making signals of distress, ordered out a life-boat, and called out for volunteers. To a landsman it seemed like deliberate suicide to go out in such a storm, but our third and fourth officers and eight men answered to the call with a promptness that compelled a cheer. They carried a long line with them, several life-buoys, and a lighted lantern, for the atmosphere was murky with the storm, and sunset was not far off. The wreck, a bark, was in a pitiful condition. Her main mast was naked; her mizzen-mast and her bowsprit were gone, and her fore-mast was but a stump wreathed and cumbered with a ruin of sails and cordage from the fallen foretop and foretop-gallant masts and yards. We could see nine men clinging to the main rigging. The stern of the vessel was gone, and the sea made a clean breach over her, pouring in a cataract out of the broken stern, and spouting through the parted planks of her bows. Our boat pulled 300 yards, and approached the wreck on the lee side. Then it had a hard fight, for the waves and the wind beat it constantly back. I do not know when anything has alternately so stirred me through and through, and then disheartened me, as it did to see the boat every little while, get almost close enough, and then be hurled three lengths away again by a prodigious wave; and the darkness settling down all the time. But at last they got the line and buoy aboard, and after that we could make out

time. But at last they got the line and buoy aboard, and after that we could make out nothing more. Presently we discovered the boat approaching us, and found she had saved every soul—nine men. They had had to drag these men, one at a time, through the sea to the life-boat with the line, and buoy, for of course they did not dare to touch the plunging vessel with the boat. The peril increased now, for every time the boat got close to our lee, our ship rolled over on her and hid her from sight. But our people managed to haul the party aboard one at a time, without losing a man, though I said they would lose every single one of them. I am, therefore, but a poor success as a prophet. As the fury of the squall had not diminished, and as the sea was so heavy, it was feared we might lose some men if we tried to hoist the life-boat aboard, so she was turned adrift by the Captain's order, poor thing, after helping in such a gallant deed.

To speak by the log, and to be accurate, Capt. Moreland gave the order to change our ship's course, and bear down toward the wreck at 4:14 P. M. At 5¼ our ship was under way again with those nine poor devils on board; that is to say, this admirable thing was done in a tremendous sea, and in the face of a hurrricane, in sixty minutes by the watch, and if your honorable Society should be moved to give to Capt. Moreland and his boat's crew that reward which a sailor prizes and covets above all other distinctions, the Royal Humane Society's medal, the parties whose names are signed to this paper will feel as grateful as if they themselves were the recipients of this great honor. The wrecked barque was the Charles Ward, Capt. Bell, bound from Quebec to Scotland, with lumber. The vessel went over on her beam ends at 9 o'clock Monday morning, and eleven men were washed overboard and lost. Capt. Bell and eight men remained, and these our boat saved. They had been in the main rigging some thirty-one hours, without food or water, and were so frozen and exhausted, that, when we got them aboard, they could hardly speak, and the minds of several of them were wandering. The wreck was out of the ordinary track of vessels, and was 1,500 miles from land. She was in the centre of the Atlantic. Our life-boat crew of volunteers consisted of the following: D. Gillies, third officer; H. Kyle, fourth officer; Nicholas Foley, quartermaster; Henry Foley, quartermaster; Nathaniel Clark, quartermaster; Thomas Henry, seaman; John Park, seaman; Richard Brennan, seaman. After speaking of the enthusiasm of the passengers, Mark Twain continues: "As might have been anticipated, if I have been of any service toward rescuing these nine shipwrecked human beings by standing around the deck in a furious storm, without any umbrella, keeping an eye on things and seeing that they were done right, and yelling whenever a cheer seemed to be the important thing, I am glad and I am satisfied. I ask no reward. I would do it again under the same circumstances. But what I do plead for, earnestly and sincerely, is that the Royal Humane Society will remember our Captain and our life-boat crew, and in so remembering them increase the high honor and esteem in which the Society is held all over the civilized world. In this appeal our passengers all join with hearty sincerity, and in testimony thereof will sign their names, begging that you will pardon me, a stranger, for addressing your honored Society with such confidence and such absence of ceremony, and, trusting that my motive may redeem my manner, I am, gentlemen, your obedient servant. (Signed,) MARK TWAIN.

(SAMUEL L. CLEMENS.)

HARTFORD, Conn.

Here follow the names of all the passengers, among whom were Sidney D. Palmer, and Mr.

and Mrs. E. G. Moss of New-York, and James Hall, State Geologist, of Albany. Mr. Clemens was Chairman of the Committee on Address, and C. C. Walworth of the meeting of passengers. Mr. Clemens wrote a characteristic address, which was delivered to Capt. Moreland.

7. February 6, 1873 - Mark Twain's Lecture on the Sandwich Islands (Review)

Mark Twain's Lecture on the Sandwich Islands.

The inimitable Mark Twain delivered his lecture on the Sandwich Islands last night at Steinway Hall, for the benefit of the Mercantile Library Association. The Hall and balconies were crowded to excess; every seat was occupied, and the centre and side passages were literally packed with persons who could not procure seats. The lecturer on being introduced assured the audience that he felt himself fully competent to speak of the interesting locality to which public attention has been lately directed, having spent several months on the islands. They were situated about 2,100 miles south-west of San Francisco, but why they were put in such an out-of-the-way locality he never could ascertain. The geological structure of the group of islands was described in the dry caustic style for which Twain is celebrated. The visit of the whites introduced civilization and education and killed out the natives. The latest reliable information fixes the population at 50,000, and when the benevolent foreigners start a few more seminaries, it it is to be honed that that event will materially help to kill off the remainder of the native population. The females wear a long robe, the gentlemen generally wear a smile and a pair of spectacles. The humorous description of the king and nobility kept the audience convulsed with laughter. It was not to be supposed that the natives were ignorant of scripture history; that they had some idea of the fall of Eve. Mr. Twain proved by stating that it was death for a woman to eat any fruit of the island, probably they did not wish to give woman a second chance. The American Missionary Society had started schools and introduced printing, and, owing to their exertions, there was not a single uneducated native above eighteen years old on the island, and the nation was about the best educated in the world. The expense of the mission was paid by the Sunday-school children of America, and Mr. Twain mentioned the fact that some thirty years ago he invested $2 in the speculation. Of course he did not mind the money, nor did he wish to "show off;" the incident was referred to as an instance of confiding humanity, and he hoped it would have its effect on the house. The natives are very hospitable, and feast their guests on roast dog and fricaseed cat—the ordinary American sausage stripped of its mystery. The dog was the pet of the household and the constant companion of the family, and when fit for the table was killed and served up. Mr. Twain had no decided objection to the dish, but he did not relish the idea of eating a personal friend. There were no cannibals in the Sandwich Islands. True, one addicted to that barbarous custom settled on one of the group, and getting tired of digesting natives, he resolved to try a white man with onions. This savage succeeded in capturing the captain of a whaling-ship, a tough old salt, who had spent fifty years at sea, living on shark steaks and blubber, but he proved too much for the digestive organs of the interesting native, and he died of the feast, with the crime on his conscience and the whaler in his stomach. The various peculiarities of the Kanacks were described by Mr. Twain, who interspersed his discourse with humorous sketches and witty allusions to the topics of the day, which kept his audience in a continuous roar of laughter. His attitudes, gestures, and looks, even his very silence were provocative of mirth. The lecture will be repeated on Monday evening.

8. June 11, 1873 - MARK TWAIN. An Interesting Question in Trade-Mark - The "Innocent" at Law

MARK TWAIN.

An Interesting Question in Trade-Mark —The "Innocent" at Law.

In Supreme Court, Chambers, yesterday, before Chief Justice Ingraham, an interesting question came up as to the right of an author to the exclusive use of his *nom de plume* as a trade-mark. A short time since, on the application of Mr. Simon Stern, counsel for Samuel L. Clemens, known as Mark Twain, a temporary injunction was granted restraining J. B. Such from publishing a certain advertising medium in the form of a book, entitled *Fun, Fact and Fancy*. Yesterday argument was had on the return to the order to show cause why the injunction should not be made permanent. It appeared from the affidavit of Mark, and argument of his counsel, that about a month since the defendant applied to him to write a sketch for an advertising pamphlet the applicant was about to publish, offering therefor $1,000, or as much more as was asked, defendant stating that other prominent authors and humorists had agreed to contribute. Mark informed the stranger that he was too busy to do so, but offered to assist him so far as to give him permission to publish any one of several sketches which he then and there marked in a printed volume of his sketches. About a month subsequently, while traveling by the Erie Railway, on his way to take steamer for Europe, Mark had a book thrust upon him by the newsboy, containing five of his sketches, and on the title-page the following: "Revised and selected for this work by Mark Twain." Having no connection with the book, other than as already stated, this method of treatment, after his liberality, aroused the ire of the "Innocent," and the present suit was the result. It is claimed on behalf of the plaintiff that he has a vested right, as against all the world, in his *nom de plume*, "Mark Twain;" that such right is guaranteed to him by the laws relating to trade-mark, and that defendant, and all parties claiming through or under him, should be perpetually restrained from the use thereof.

After an elaborate argument by Mr. Simon Stern on behalf of plaintiff, and Mr. Charles Mathews on the part of defendant, Judge Ingraham took the papers, saying he would render a decision in a few days.

9. June 12, 1873 - Mark Twain's Suit - He Obtains a Permanent Injunction

Mark Twain's Suit—He Obtains a Permanent Injunction.

In the case of Samuel J. Clemens, known as Mark Twain, against Benjamin J. Such, to restrain by injunction the publication of a book containing some of the former's sketches, and purporting to have been revised by him, the facts of which appeared in yesterday's TIMES, Chief Justice Ingraham has ordered a permanent injunction to issue against the defendant. In a brief memorandum indorsed on the papers in the case, the Chief Justice says: "The sketches were the property of plaintiff and he is entitled to an order restraining their publication without his consent. The agreement only contemplated the use of one sketch, and there was no authority to publish that one as revised by the author."

10. September 17, 1874 - AMUSEMENTS. [Review of performance of "The Gilded Age"]

AMUSEMENTS.

PARK THEATRE.

Mark Twain's drama, called "The Gilded Age," was represented at this house last evening. "The Gilded Age" is a play dealing with possible incidents of American life, and in which none but American characters move. We have recorded so many unsuccessful efforts to produce a passable piece of this sort, that we confess to having awaited Mr. Twain's performance with a very slight anticipation of its excellence. It disappointed us, we are glad to say, most agreeably. "The Gilded Age" is by no means a model drama, but it enfolds a tolerably interesting story, several scenes of which might be acted off the stage, and some personages whose traits are no more exaggerated than is necessary for their effectiveness upon the audience. A large assemblage witnessed its recital, and accorded to it attention and applause. The plot of "The Gilded Age" is of extreme simplicity. It sets forth plainly that *Col. George Selby*, a married man, has seduced *Laura Hawkins*, and that the young lady—as the prototype supplied by recent American history—soon afterward kills her seducer, and goes unpunished. There is sufficient dramatic force in these events for the framework in which the minor transactions of the play are bound, and out of them grows at least one impressive picture—the slaying of *Col. Selby* by *Laura Hawkins*. Certain it is, however, that "The Gilded Age" pleased chiefly on account of a character not at all essential to the main story. The comicalities of *Col. Sellers* kept the spectators merry throughout the whole four acts. This personage has been compared to *Micawber*, but *Micawber's* imagination is feeble compared to that of *Col. Sellers*, and for breadth and rosiness, the plans developed by the Western settler are literally unprecedented. Utterly insane as some of *Col. Sellers'* theories appeared, everybody present recognized, that in real life, *Col. Sellers* had many relatives as visionary and as sanguine as he, and the occasional touches of nature proved, as always, very potent. Mr. John Raymond assumed this rôle with an earnestness which insured his success. He evidently deceived himself with his splendid projects more thoroughly than he managed to deceive the most credulous of his listeners, and the perfect heartiness of all his speeches, together with the absence of self-consciousness in his wildest exentricities, rendered his personation as artistic as it was striking. The merriment was loud and continuous. The interest of the serious transactions of the night would have been much heightened had the company been more efficient. The one trying scene in "The Gilded Age," however, was exceedingly well performed by Miss Gertrude Kellogg. Frequent plaudits interrupted the representation, in an intermission of which Mr. Twain was summoned before the curtain, whence he delivered an address that afforded considerable amusement. "The Gilded Age" remains on the bills until further notice.

insane as some of *Col. Sellers'* theories appeared, everybody present recognized, that in real life,

SOCIABLE JIMMY.

BY MARK TWAIN.

[I sent the following home in a private letter, some time ago, from a certain little village. It was in the days when I was a public lecturer. I did it because I wished to preserve the memory of the most artless, sociable, and exhaustless talker I ever came across. He did not tell me a single remarkable thing, or one that was worth remembering; and yet he was himself so interested in his small marvels, and they flowed so naturally and comfortably from his lips that his talk got the upper hand of my interest, too, and I listened as one who receives a revelation. I took down what he had to say, just as he said it—without altering a word or adding one.]

I had my supper in my room this evening, (as usual,) and they sent up a bright, simple, guileless little darkey boy to wait on me—ten years old—a wide-eyed, observant little chap. I said:

"What is your name, my boy?"

"Dey calls me Jimmy, Sah, but my right name's James, Sah."

I said, "Sit down there, Jimmy—I'll not want you just yet."

He sat down in a big arm-chair, hung both his legs over one of the arms, and looked comfortable and conversational. I said:

"Did you have a pleasant Christmas, Jimmy?"

"No, sah—not zackly. I was kind o' sick den. But de res' o' de people *dey* had a good time—mos' all uv 'em had a good time. Dey all got drunk. Dey all gits drunk heah, every Christmas, and carries on and has awful good times."

"So you were sick, and lost it all. But unless you were *very* sick I should think that if you had asked the doctor he might have let you get—get—a *little* drunk—and—"

"Oh, no, Sah—I don' never git drunk—i'ts de *white* folks—dem's de ones I means. Pa used to git drunk, but dat was befo' I was big—but he's done quit. He don' git drunk no mo' now. Jis' takes one nip in de mawnin', now, cuz his stomach rules up, he sleeps so soun'. Jis' one nip—over to de s'loon—every mawnin'. He's powerful sickly—powerful—sometimes he can't hardly git aroun', he can't. He goes to de doctor every week—over to Ragtown. An' one time he tuck some stuff, you know, an' it mighty near *fetched* him. Ain't it dish-yer blue-vittles dat's pison?—ain't dat it?—truck what you pisons cats wid?"

"Yes blue vittles [vitriol] is a very convincing article with a cat."

"Well, den, dat was it. De ole man, he tuck de bottle and shuck it, and shuck it—he seed it was blue, and he didn't know but it was blue mass, which he tuck mos' always—blue mass pills—but den he 'spected maybe dish-yer truck might be some other kin' o' blue stuff, and so he sot de bottle down, and drat if it wa'n't blue vittles, sho' nuff, when de doctor come. An' de doctor he say if he'd a tuck dat blue vittles it would a highsted him, *sho'*. People can't be too particlar 'bout sich things. Yes, in*deedy!*

"We ain't got no cats heah, 'bout dis hotel. Bill he don't like 'em. He can't stan' a cat no way. Ef he was to ketch one he'd slam it outen de winder in a minute. Yes he would. Bill's down on cats. So is de gals—waiter gals. When dey ketches a cat bummin' aroun' heah, dey jis' *scoops* him—'deed dey do. Dey snake him into de cistern—dey's been cats drownded in dat water dat's in in yo' pitcher. I seed a cat in dare yistiddy—all swelled up like a pudd'n. I bet you dem gals done dat. Ma says if dey was to drownd a cat for *her*, de fust one of 'em she ketched she'd jam her into de cistern 'long wid de cat. Ma wouldn't *do* dat, I don't reckon, but 'deed an' double, she *said* she would. I can't kill a chicken—well, I kin wring its neck off, cuz dat don't make 'em no sufferin scacely; but I can't take and chop dey heads off, like some people kin. It makes me feel so—so—well, I kin see dat chicken nights so's I can't sleep. Mr. Dunlap, he's de richest man in dis town. Some people says dey's fo' thousan' people in dis town—dis city. But Bill he says dey aint but 'bout thirty-three hund'd. And Bill he knows, cuz he's lived heah all his life, do' dey *do* say he won't

lived heah all his life, do' dey *do* say he won't never set de river on fire. I don't know how dey fin' out—*I* wouldn't like to count all dem people. Some folks says dis town would be considerable bigger if it wa'n't on accounts of so much lan' all roun' it dat ain't got no houses on it." [This in perfect seriousness—dense simplicity—no idea of a joke.] "I reckon you seed dat church as you come along up street. Dat's an awful big church—awful high steeple. An' it's all solid stone, excep' jes' de top part—de steeple, I means—dat's wood. It falls off when de win' blows pooty hard, an' one time it stuck in a cow's back and busted de cow all to de mischief. It's gwine to kill some body yit, dat steeple is. A man—big man, he was—bigger'n what Bill is—he tuck it up dare and fixed it again—an' he didn't look no bigger'n a boy, he was so high up. Dat steeple's awful high. If you look out de winder you kin see it." [I looked out, and was speechless with awe and admiration—which gratified Jimmy beyond expression. The wonderful steeple was some sixty or seventy feet high, and had a clock-face on it.] "You see dat arrer on top o' dat steeple? Well, Sah, dat arrer is pooty nigh as big as dis do' [door.] I seed it when dey pulled it outen de cow. It mus' be awful to stan' in dat steeple when de clock is strikin'—dey say it is. Booms and jars so's you think the world's a comin' to an end. *I* wouldn't like to be up dare when de clock's a strikin'. Dat clock ain't jest a *striker*, like dese common clocks. It's a *bell*—jist a reglar *bell*—and it's a buster. You kin hear dat bell all over dis city. You ought to hear it boom, boom, boom, when dey's a fire. My sakes! Dey ain't got no bell like dat in Ragtown. *I* ben to Ragtown, an' I ben mos' halfway to Dockery [thirty miles.] De bell in Ragtown's got so ole now she don't make no soun', scasely."

[Enter the landlord—a kindly man, verging toward fifty. My small friend, without changing position, says:]

"Bill, didn't you say dat dey was only thirty-three hund'd people in dis city?"

"Yes. about thirty-three hundred is the population now."

"Well, some folks says dey's fo' thousan'."

"Yes, I know they do; but it isn't correct."

"Bill, I don't think dis gen'lman kin eat a whole prairie-chicken, but dey *tole* me to fetch it all up."

"Yes, that's all right—he ordered it."

[Exit "Bill," leaving me comfortable; for I had been perishing to know who "Bill" was.]

"Bill he's de oldest. And he's de bes', too. Dey's fo'teen in dis fam'ly—all boys an' gals. Bill he suppo'ts 'em all—an' he don' never complain—he's *real* good, Bill is. All dem brothers an' sisters o' his'n ain't no 'count—all ceptin' dat little teeny one dat fetched in dat milk. Dat's Kit, Sah. She ain't only nine year ole. But she's de mos' lady-like one in de whole bilin'. You don't never see Kit a-rairin' an' a-chargin' aroun' an' kickin' up her heels like de res' o' de gals in dis fam'ly does gen'ally. Dat was Nan dat you hearn a-cuttin' dem shines on de pi-anah while ago. An' sometimes ef she don't rastle dat pi-anah when she gits started! *Tab* can't hole a candle to *her*, but Tab kin *sing* like de very nation. She's de only one in dis family dat kin sing. You don't never hear a yelp outen Nan. Nan can't sing for shucks. I'd jes' lieves hear a tom-cat dat's got scalded. Dey's to'-teen in dis fam'ly 'sides de ole man an'

de ole 'ooman—all brothers an' sisters. But some of 'em don't live heah—do' Bill he suppo'ts 'em—lends 'em money, an' pays dey debts an' he'ps 'em along. I tell you Bill he's *real* good. Dey all gits drunk—all 'cep Bill. De ole man he gits drunk, too, same as de res' uv 'em. Bob, he don't git drunk much—jes' sloshes roun' de s'loons some, an' takes a dram sometimes. Bob he's next to Bill—'bout forty year old. Dey's all married—all de fam'ly's married—cep' some of de gals. Dare's fo'teen. It's de biggest family in dese parts, dey say. Dare's Bill—Bill Nubbles—Nubbles is de name; Bill, an' Griz, an' Duke, an' Bob, an' Nan, an' Tab, an' Kit, an' Sol, an' Si, an' Phil, an' Puss, an' Jake, an' Sal—Sal she's married an' got chil'en as big as I is—an' Hoss Nubbles, he's de las'. Hoss is what dey mos' always calls him, but he's got another name dat I somehow disremember, it's so kind o' hard to git de hang of it." [Then observing that I had been taking down this extraordinary list of nicknames for adults, he said:] "But in de mawnin' I can ask Bill what's Hoss's other name, an' den I'll come up an' tell you when I fetches yo' breakfast. An' may be I done got some o' dem names mixed up, but Bill, he kin tell me. Dey's fo'teen."

By this time he was starting off with the waiter, (and a pecuniary consideration for his sociability,) and, as he went out, he paused a moment and said:

"Dad-fetch it, somehow dat other name don't come. But, anyways, you jes' read dem names over an' see if dey's fo'teen." [I read the list from the fly-leaf of Longfellow's *New-England Tragedies.*] "Dat's right, Sah. Dey's all down, I'll fetch up Hoss's other name in de mawnin', Sah. Don't you be oneasy."

[Exit, whistling "Listen to the Mocking-bird."]

12. December 24, 1874 - AMUSEMENTS. The 100th Representation of "The Gilded Age"

AMUSEMENTS.

THE ONE HUNDREDTH REPRESENTATION OF "THE GILDED AGE."

The Park Theatre was literally crammed from pit to dome last evening on the occasion of the one hundredth representation of Mark Twain's American drama of "The Gilded Age." The interest which of late has been associated with the effort to establish a purely American drama representing American character in its various existing phases, and racy of the soil, has centred round the production of "The Gilded Age," and the success of the play has been a cause of general gratification. Since its first recital, the piece has received every evidence of public appreciation, and the quaint eccentricities of good-natured and wildly-speculative *Col. Sellers*, with his visionary schemes for the creation of millions, have secured for themselves a permanent place in the memory of theatre-goers. The performance last evening was distinguished by several novel features, and bouquets and satin programmes were distributed in celebration of the occasion. The piece was played as usual, and in response to repeated calls the author, Mr. Samuel L. Clemens, better known as Mark Twain, delivered an address, replete with humor in speech and gesture. He warmly expressed his sense of gratitude for the public appreciation of the play, and on retiring he was loudly cheered. Mr. John T. Raymond also expressed the gratitude of the actors for the recognition their efforts to please had received, and generously attributed the success of the piece, not to any merit of his own, but to the excellences inherent to the play itself. After the fourth act, Mark Twain was called before the curtain and was loudly applauded. He said:

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: I thank you for this call, for it gives me an opportunity to testify my appreciation of the vast compliment which the Metropolis has paid to Mr. Raymond and me in approving of our efforts to the very substantial extent of filling this house for us a hundred nights in succession. After such praise as this from the first city in the land it would be useless for me to try to pretend that we are not feeling a good deal "set up," so I shall not pretend anything of the kind. We feel a good deal vainer than anybody would want to confess. [Laughter.] I learned through the newspapers that I was to make a speech here to-night, and so I went hard to work, as I always do, to try and do the very best I possibly could on this occasion. I was determined to do it; I went at it faithfully, but when I came to look critically into this matter I found that I shouldered a pretty heavy contract. [Laughter.] I found I shouldered a very heavy contract because there is only one topic that is proper to be discussed on this platform at this time, and that is this play and these actors and all the success which this play has met. Very well, that is an excellent subject—for somebody else. [Laughter.] It is right for an outsider, or for somebody not connected with the concern, but for me, the dramatist, to praise these actors of mine, to praise this play of mine, and this success of ours—that would not come gracefully from me. There would be a little egotism in it. Neither can I criticise and abuse the actors, for I don't want to. I could abuse the play, but I have better judgment, [laughter and applause,] and I cannot praise these actors of mine right here in their hearing and before their faces, for that would make anybody with flesh and blood unhappy, and, indeed, to praise them would be like praising the members of my own family and glorifying the lady who does our washing. [Laughter.] And the more I think of this matter, the more I see the difficulty of the position, until I find myself in a condition I once before experienced. [Mr. Twain here recited from his published work, *Rough-*

Twain here recited from his published work, *Roughing It*, the sketch, "A Genuine Mexican Plug," in a spirit of dry humor which convulsed the audience with laughter. The incident referred to was his unhappy experience with a Mexican horse, in which he came to grief.] Through that adventure, he continued, through that misfortune I lost the faculty of speech; for twenty-four hours I was absolutely speechless, and this is the second time that that has occurred. [Applause.]

Mr. John T. Raymond, the *Col. Sellers* of the piece, was loudly called before the curtain. He quickly appeared with the expression of *Sellers* when proclaiming a prospective gain of millions, and his manner provoked much merriment. He said:

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: After acting one hundred nights in this house, I don't feel like playing a new part and playing it badly, which I certainly should if I attempted to say I was not very much pleased at the reception you have given me. It is not a very grateful or easy task to try to be funny or witty, after Mr. Twain, but any man would be happy on such an occasion as this, and after what you have done for me, why should I not be happy? I want to thank you for a great many things, but especially for your constant appreciation of my efforts to please. Of one thing I can assure you: that Mr. Twain's play would not have amounted to much if he had not found a man to act the part and other men to appreciate it. [Laughter.] (That was such a success I don't know what next to say.) [A laugh.] But I want to thank you over and over again for your kind recognition of our labors. The success of this piece is due to the management of the theatre, and I beg here to publicly thank Messrs. Stuart and Fulton for their efforts to do everything toward the success of the play. [Applause.] The little Park Theatre is now one of the institutions of the City, and I am heartily glad of it for Mr. Stuart's sake. He deserves it, and I trust that *Col. Sellers* will be one of the institutions of your country; and if the people of the United States treat me half as well as you have done I am perfectly satisfied it will be all right. Once more let me thank you. Let me extend my sincere acknowledgments to the genius who conceived the character of *Col. Sellers*, to the generous public who have welcomed it, and to the press which has recognized so liberally all our efforts to give proper effect to American character and place it on a self-sustaining basis. [Applause.]

Mr. Raymond was retiring when a bottle of Col. Sellers' famous Oriental Optical Eye-water was presented to him. He took it, and said: "Take it internally, externally, and eternally, and there is millions in it." [Laughter and applause.]

Mr. Stuart, the manager, was also called for, but did not appear, and the performance then continued.

13. April 29, 1875 - Proposed Shakespeare Memorial

PROPOSED SHAKESPEAREAN MEMORIAL.

To the Editor of the New-York Times:

I have just received a letter from an English friend of mine, whose hospitality I enjoyed some days at his house, in Stratford-on-Avon, and I feel sure that the matter he writes about will interest Americans. He incloses a circular, which I will insert in this place:

"A preliminary committee was recently formed for the purpose of ascertaining the possibility of carrying out the project of a Shakespeare Memorial Theatre in Stratford-on-Avon, the old theatre in the town having been purchased and pulled down by Mr. J. O. Halliwell Phillips for the purpose of restoring the site to 'New Place,' and completing those gardens. A meeting was held at the Town Hall on Monday, to receive the committee's report. Sir Robert N. C. Hamilton, Bart., K. C. B., was in the chair. The honorable Secretary, Mr. C. E. Flower, stated that the proposal had been most favorably received, and the committee recommended that the theatre should be erected by subscription, and any sum raised beyond the amount required for the building, and any profit realized by the rental on ordinary occasions, to be applied, after defraying the necessary expenses of the establishment, to the celebration of the anniversary of the poet's birthday, and to the promotion and improvement of legitimate acting, by the establishment of prizes for essays upon the subject, lectures, and ultimately a dramatic training school or college. The building to be erected upon a site which has been given for the purpose, the surrounding ground, from which beautiful views of the church and the river can be obtained, to be laid out as ornamental gardens. Connected with the theatre the committee also recommended that a library and

the committee also recommended that a library and a saloon or gallery, intended to receive pictures and statuary of Shakespearean subjects, (several of which have been already promised,) should be provided. Donors of £100 and upward to be Governors and managers of the property. The Governors to meet annually and vote personally, or by proxy, for the election of an Executive Council, and frame rules for the general management of the memorial property and funds. For convenience of administration the association to be incorporated under section 23 of the Companies act, 1867, for associations formed not for profit, but for the promotion of science, art, &c. The report was unanimously adopted, a list of promised donations to the amount of £2,563 10s., was read, and generous offers from managers and members of the theatrical profession of free performances were announced. Subscriptions of the smallest amount will be received, as it is hoped that a truly appropriate memorial to Shakespeare in his native town will receive the support of many in all parts of the world who have received instruction and pleasure from the poet's works."

By another circular I perceive that this project, young as it is, is already becoming popular, for no less than twenty-two lovers of Shakespeare have come forward with their £100 apiece, and assumed the dignity of Governors of the Memorial Theatre. In this list I find the following: Creswick, the actor; F. B. Chatterton, of the Drury Lane, London; Benjamin Webster, of the Adelphi, London; Buckstone, the comedian, and Mr. Sothern.

I now come to my point, which will be found in this extract from my English friend's letter:

"You may possibly remember some timber wharves on the Avon above my garden. These I have bought and given for a site for a Memorial Theatre. I think it possible that some Americans who have visited Stratford might be able and feel inclined to become Governors, (that is, £100 shareholders,) in the Memorial Theatre and grounds, and that others not so well off might like to contribute smaller sums to help beautify it."

Therefore he asks me to make the suggestion in point here, and I very gladly do it. I think

in point here, and I very gladly do it. I think the mere suggestion is all that is necessary. We are not likely to be backward when called upon to do honor to Shakespeare. One of the circulars says:

"Subscriptions can be paid to the Shakespeare Memorial Fund at the Old Bank, Stratford-upon-Avon, and will be invested in the names of Sir R. N. C. Hamilton, Bart., and C. E. Flower, Esq., who have consented to act as Trustees until the registration is completed."

Will you, Sir, undertake to receive and forward the American subscriptions? Or if not, will you kindly name some responsible person who will do it?

I believe that Americans of every walk in life will cheerfully subscribe to this Shakespeare memorial; I think that some of our prominent actors (I could almost name them) will come forward and enroll themselves as Governors; I think our commercial millionaires and literary people will not be slow to take governorships, or at least come as near it as they feel able; and I think it altogether likely that many of our theatres, like those of England, will give it a benefit.

Americans have already subscribed $1,000 for an American memorial window to be put in the Shakespeare Church at Avon. About three-fourths of the visitors to Shakespeare's tomb are Americans. If you will show me an American who has visited England and has not seen that tomb, Barnum shall be on his track next week. It was an American who roused into its present vigorous life England's dead interest in her Shakespearean remains. Think of that! Imagine the house that Shakespeare was born in being brought bodily over here and set up on American soil! That came within an ace of being done once. A reputable gentleman of Stratford told me so. The old building was going to

done once. A reputable gentleman of Stratford told me so. The old building was going to wreck and ruin. Nobody felt quite reverence enough for the dead dramatist to repair and take care of his house; so an American came along ever so quietly and bought it. The deeds were actually drawn and ready for the signatures. Then the thing got wind and there was a fine stir in England! The sale was stopped. Public-spirited Englishmen headed a revival of reverence for the poet, and from that day to this every relic of Shakespeare in Stratford has been sacred, and zealously cared for accordingly. Can you name the American who once owned Shakespeare's birth-place for twenty-four hours? There is but one who could ever have conceived of such an unique and ingenious enterprise, and he is the man I refer to—P. T. Barnum.

We had to lose the house; but let us not lose the present opportunity to help him build the Memorial Theatre. MARK TWAIN.

HARTFORD, Monday, April 26, 1875.

14. October 1, 1875 - A Persistent Beggar

A PERSISTENT BEGGAR.

MARK TWAIN RELATES HIS EXPERIENCES WITH A PROFESSOR OF THE ART.

"Mark Twain," in a letter to the Hartford *Courant*, relates his experiences with a "Professor" of the begging art, and offers a solicitor for a Southern educational project a first-rate opportunity to prove the merits of his cause. He says:

To the Editor of the Courant:

SIR: I have been unjust to a stranger to-day, or unfaithful to my duty as a citizen, I cannot yet determine which. I wish now to right that stranger if I have wronged him, and I wish also to retrieve my citizenship.

Here are the facts in the case: Yesterday evening while I was at dinner a card was brought to me bearing the inscription, "Prof. A—— B——." I said, "I do not know the Professor; ask him to excuse me; and if he should chance to call again, tell him to drop me a line through the Post Office and state his business." [Experience has taught me that strangers never call upon a man with any other design than to sell him a lightning-rod; and experience has also taught me that if you suggest the post to these parties, they respect your sagacity and do not trouble you any more.] But the Professor called again this morning at 10 o'clock, and sent up a couple of documents—documents so conspicuously dirty that it would be only fair and right to tax them as real estate. One of these papers was a petition for aid to establish a school in a Southern State, the petitioner justifying his appeal upon the ground that he had suffered for his Union sentiments in that State during the war. The supplication was signed, "A—— B——, late candidate for the Legislature of" (said State.) It seemed to me that of all the mild honors I had ever heard of men claiming, that of defeated candidate for legislative distinction was certainly the mildest.

Peering into the dirt of this paper, I perceived through the rich gloom a string of names, with "$10," "$20," "$50," "$100," and other sums, set opposite them. Several were well-known Hartford names, others were familiar New-York names. A few seemed to be autograph signatures, the rest not. "Hon." Peter Cooper was down for a generous sum; so also was "Hon." W. C. Bryant—both in a foreign hand. Just think of the idea of trying to add dignity to the old poet's name by sticking that paltry "Hon." to it!

"Hon." to it!

I turned to the late candidate's other soiled document. It was a letter-sheet with half a dozen grimy "notices" from village newspapers pasted on it. These were all highly complimentary to "Hon." A—— B——, "the great English elocutionist and reader." [There was also gratuitous mention of the smallness of one of the audiences he had enchanted —a remark which might as well have been left out.]

I said to myself: Last night this person was "Prof." A—— B——; in his petition he is "late candidate" for a Legislature; when he travels as the great English elocutionist he is "Hon." A—— B——; what he is Professor of does not appear; he does not account for his title of "Hon.," for merely running for that dazzling legislative position does not confer the title; he could not have brought it from England, for only certain officials and the younger sons of noblemen are permitted to use it there, and if he belonged in either of those lists he is not the person to forget to mention it. About this time my cold in the head gave my temper a wrench, and I said: "Go and tell the Professor I don't wish to invest in his educational stock."

Now, there is where I acted precipitately, and failed of my duty either as a citizen or toward this stranger. I ought to have looked into his case a little. By jumping to the conclusion that he was a fraud, I may possibly have wronged him. If he is a fraud I ought to have proved it on him and exposed him, that being the plain duty of a citizen in such cases.

Very well. Having committed this error I now wish to retrieve it; so I make the following proposition to Mr. A—— B——, to wit: That he send me that list of names again, so that I can write to the parties and inquire if they ever gave those sums, and if they did, what proofs they had of A—— B——'s worthiness; that he refer me to reputable persons in that Southern State, to the end that I may inquire of them concerning his history there, (not that I wish to inquire into his "late candidacy," for I think that when a man has unsuccessfully aspired to be a legislator, and is capable of mentioning it where people could not otherwise find it out, he is manifestly telling the petrified truth;) that he refer me to a trustworthy authority who can inform me how he got the title of "Professor," how he got the title of "Hon.," and what the name of his English birthplace is, so that I can have his parish register examined. These data being furnished me, and I finding by means of them that A—— B—— is not an impostor, I will take stock in his school, and also furnish him a certificate of character which shall be signed by some of the best men of Hartford—a certificate which shall far out-value his present lame documents.

But if A—— B——'s references shall fail to establish his worthiness, I will publish him and also try to procure his arrest as a vagrant.

I will assist A—— B—— all I can, by inclosing copies of this article to Mr. Austin Dunham, Mr. William E. Dodge, Mr. Bryant, Mr. Peter Cooper, Messrs. Arnold, Constable & Co., and other parties in his list, (including the officials of the Southern city he mentions,) to the end that they may quickly testify in his favor if they can. [I remember, now, that A—— B—— called on me just a year ago, and that he was *then* adding to his name the imperishable glory of "late candidate," &c.]

MARK TWAIN.

15. December 9, 1875 - Mark Twain's Contribution

MARK TWAIN'S CONTRIBUTION.

A book of autographs offered for sale at th Massachusetts Infant Asylum Fair, in Boston, con tains a letter from Mark Twain, which reads :

HARTFORD, Oct. 5, 1875.

DEAR MADAM : I beg to wish the best success and a long career of usefulness to the Infant Asylum Fair. But words are empty; deeds are what show the earnest spirit. Therefore I am willing to be one of a thousand citizens who shall agree to contribute two or more of their children to this enterprise. I do not make this offer in order that I may appear gaudy or lavish in the eyes of the world, but only to help a worthy cause to the best of my ability.

Very truly yours,

SAMUEL L. CLEMENS, (Mark Twain.)

16. March 19, 1876_- Mark Twain on St. Patrick

MARK TWAIN ON ST. PATRICK.

The following letter was read at the supper of the Knights of St. Patrick in Hartford, Conn., on Friday night:

HARTFORD, March 16.

Richard McCloud, Esq.:

DEAR SIR: I am very sorry that I cannot be with the Knights of St. Patrick to-morrow evening. In this Centennial year we ought all to find a peculiar pleasure in doing honor to the memory of a man whose good name has endured through fourteen centuries. We ought to find pleasure in it for the reason that at this time we naturally have a fellow-feeling for such a man. He wrought a great work in his day. He found Ireland a prosperous republic, and looked about him to see if he might find some useful thing to turn his hand to. He observed that the President of that republic was in the habit of sheltering his great officials from deserved punishment, so he lifted up his staff and smote him, and he died. He found that the Secretary of War had been so unbecomingly economical as to have laid up $12,000 a year out of a salary of $8,000, and he killed him. He found that the Secretary of the Interior always prayed over every separate and distinct barrel of salt beef that was intended for the unconverted savage, and then kept that beef himself, so he killed him also. He found that the Secretary of the Navy knew more about handling suspicious claims than he did about handling a ship, and he at once made an end of him. He found that a very foul Private Secretary had been engineered through a sham trial, so he destroyed him. He discovered that the Congress which pretended to prodigious virtue was very anxious to investigate an ambassador who had dishonored the country abroad, but was equally anxious to prevent the appointment of any spotless man to a similar post; that this Congress had no God but party, no system of morals but party policy; no vision but a bat's vision, and no reason or excuse for existing anyhow. Therefore he massacred that Congress to the last man.

When he had finished his great work he said, in his figurative way, "Lo, I have destroyed all the reptiles in Ireland."

St. Patrick had no politics; his sympathies lay with the right—that was politics enough. When he came across a reptile he forgot to inquire whether he was a Democrat or a Republican, but simply exalted his staff and "let him have it." Honored be his name—I wish we had him here to trim us up for the Centennial. But that cannot be. His staff, which was the symbol of real, not sham, reform, is idle. However, we still have with us the symbol of Truth—George Washington's little hatchet—for I know they've buried it. Yours truly,

S. L. CLEMENS.

17. October 2, 1876 - Mark Twain in Politics

tute an honest and sensible system of civil service which shall so amply prove its worth and worthiness that no succeeding President can ever venture to put his foot upon it. Our present civil system, born of Gen. Jackson and the Democratic Party, is so idiotic, so contemptible, so grotesque, that it would make the very savages of Dahomey jeer and the very gods of solemnity laugh. We will not hire a blacksmith who never lifted a sledge. We will not hire a school-teacher who does not know the alphabet. We will not have a man about us in our business life, in any walk of it, low or high, unless he has served an apprenticeship and can prove that he is capable of doing the work he offers

to do. We even require a plumber to know something [laughter, and a pause by the speaker] about his business, [renewed laughter,] that he shall at least know which side of a pipe is the inside. [Roars of laughter.] But when you come to our civil service, we serenely fill great numbers of our minor public offices with ignoramuses. We put the vast business of a Custom-house in the hands of a flathead who does not know a bill of lading from a transit of Venus, [laughter and a pause,] never having heard of either of them before. [Laughter.] Under a Treasury appointment we pour oceans of money and accompanying statistics through the hands and brain of an ignorant villager who never before could wrestle with a two weeks wash bill without getting thrown. [Great laughter.] Under our consular system we send creatures all over the world who speak no language but their own, and even when it comes to that, go wading all their days through floods of moods and tenses and flourishing the scalps of mutilated parts of speech. When forced to it we order home a foreign ambassador who is frescoed all over with—with—with—indiscreetnesses, [laughter,] but we immediately send one in his place whose moral ceiling has a perceptible shady tint to it, and then he brays when we supposed he was going to roar. We carefully train and educate our naval officers and military men, and we ripen and perfect their capabilities through long services and experience, and keep hold of these excellent servants through a just system of promotion. This is exactly what we hope to do with our civil service under Mr. Hayes. [Applause.] We hope and expect to sever that service as utterly from politics as is the naval and military service, and we hope to make it as respectable too. We hope to make worth and capacity the sole requirements of the civil service, in the place of the amount of party dirty work the candidate has done. By the time Gen. Hawley has finished his speech, I think you will know why we, in this matter, put our trust in Hayes in preference to any other man. I am not going to say anything about our candidates for State officers, because you know them, honor them, and will vote for them, but Gen. Hawley, being comparatively a stranger,

but Gen. Hawley, being comparatively a stranger, [laughter,] I will say a single word in commendation of him, and it will furnish one of the many reasons why I am going to vote for him for Congress. I ask you to look seriously and thoughtfully at just one almost incredible fact. Gen. Hawley, in his official capacity as President of the Centennial Commission, has done one thing which you may not have heard commented upon, and yet it is one of the most astounding performances of this decade, an act almost impossible, perhaps, to any other public officer in this nation. Gen. Hawley has taken as high as $121,000 gate money at the Centennial in a single day, [pause and applause,] and never stole a cent of it. [Great laughter and long continued applause.]

Gen. Hawley then spoke for about an hour and a half, making a very effective speech, and covering all the leading points of the campaign. It was one of the most powerful speeches he has ever made here. He spoke in New-Britain, the home of Congressman Landers, the night before, and while being escorted by the Boys in Blue the procession was stoned, and the color-bearer alone was struck nine times. Alluding to this outrage, Gen. Hawley, in summing up the reasons why the mission of the Republican Party was not ended, said that it would not end till it was possible not only in the South for men to exercise all the right of citizenship without interference, but possible, also, for Republicans in Hartford County and Connecticut, to pursue a peaceable march, and he added: "We will have this right in Connecticut if we have to march the whole State through to secure it;" and this declaration was greeted with prolonged applause.

MARK TWAIN COMPLIMENTS POSTMASTER JAMES.

A letter addressed to Mr. S. L. Clemens, (Mark Twain,) Hartford, Conn., notifying him that he had been elected a member of the New-York Press Club, and inviting him to be present at their Fall reception on Thursday last, was inadvertently dropped into the letter-box without the required stamp. Postmaster James kindly paid the postage and forwarded the letter, which, in the ordinary course, would have gone to the Dead-letter Office. After thanking Mr. James for his courtesy, Mr. Clemens inclosed a copy of the Postmaster's letter to the President of the Press Club, and expressed regret that he could not be present at the reception. He closed with a compliment to Mr. James as follows:

"By the inclosed printed letter of Postmaster James you will perceive that the term "civil" service is not a sarcasm when applied to the New-York Post Office. Had your unpaid letter passed through the average Post Office of the land I should have received my invitation about three months from now through the Dead-letter Department, after much correspondence and ruinous outlay of postage. I would that there were more Postmaster Jameses in the land."

19. December 23, 1876 - Forefather's Day - Speech of Mr. Samuel Clemens: "The Oldest Inhabitant-The Weather"

FOREFATHERS' DAY.

NEW-ENGLANDERS AT DINNER

THE ANNUAL FESTIVAL OF THE NEW-ENGLAND SOCIETY—SPEECHES BY HON. GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS, "MARK TWAIN," REV. EDWARD EVERETT HALE, REV. DR. JOHN COTTON SMITH, REV. DR. TAYLOR, AND OTHERS—INTERESTING LETTER FROM GEN. SHERMAN.

The New-England Society's annual dinner at Delmonico's last night was one of the most brilliant celebrations of the kind that has ever been held in this City. The preparations were made with great thoroughness, and the addresses by the respondents to the several toasts were full of earnestness, good feeling, good sense, and good wit. The dining-hall was filled with seven tables, the President's table overlooking six others arranged opposite to it at right angles. Above the head of the President was suspended against the wall the banner of the New-England Society, flanked by silken national ensigns, and on the opposite side of the hall, before the orchestra balcony, was a national shield also draped with United States flags. The tables were elegantly and tastefully decorated with baskets and set pieces of flowers. Before the President was a design, in flowers of delicate hues, representing Plymouth Rock, and there were many viands in the feast that recalled to genuine New-Englanders the plain and hearty fare of the land of steady habits. The guests entered the dining-room just before 7 o'clock, and at that hour Rev. Dr. John Cotton Smith, at the invitation of President Borden, said grace. Among those present were Rev. Edward Everett Hale, ex-Gov. Edwin D. Morgan, Hon. George William Curtis, Rev. John Cotton Smith, Rev. Richard S. Storrs, Samuel L. Clemens, (Mark Twain,) Mayor Wickham, Joseph H. Choate, Rev. Dr. William M. Taylor, Hon. Elliot C. Cowdin, Hon. Salem H. Wales, Commodore J. W. A. Nicholson, G. B. Loring, Hon. Isaac H. Bailey, Dexter A. Hawkins, Prof. Bartholdi, (sculptor of the colossal statue of Liberty), District Attorney Benjamin K. Phelps, Prof. F. B. Sanborn, of Dartmouth College, representatives of St. George's, St. Andrew's, and St. Patrick's Societies, Assistant District Attorneys Bell, Russell and Rollins, Parke Godwin, Clark Bell, Police Commissioners Wheeler, and Erhardt, and Prof. W. E. Chandler, the whole company numbering more than two hundred. More than two hours were spent at dinner, when, at 9:30 o'clock, Rev. Mr. Courtenay gave thanks. President Borden then rose, and having called the company to order, he announced that Gen. William T. Sherman had written a letter of regret, saying that in the present condition of affairs at Washington he was unable to leave that city, that William M. Evarts was also detained in Washington and was unable to attend, and that letters of regret had been received from ex-Speaker James G. Blaine, Gov. Tilden, Gov. Chamberlain, of South Carolina, Robert C. Winthrop, and Gen. John C. Newton.

Hon. George William Curtis was called upon to respond to the toast of "Forefathers' Day." He was received with prolonged applause, and by many of the company rising to their feet with waving handkerchiefs and loud cheers. His remarks were frequently interrupted by hearty expressions of approval, and his allusion to Abraham Lincoln as the development of the seed sown here two centuries ago by the coming of the Mayflower, was followed by vehement applause. His suggestions for the conduct of the Senate and the House of Representatives in the settlement of the political difficulties threatening the nation roused his hearers to the highest pitch of excitement, and evoked unanimous and prolonged applause.

As Mr. Curtis sat down, he was greeted with the heartiest cheers, which subsided only to be renewed with greater vigor. Cheers followed the announcement of the sentiment, "The President of the United States." In reply to the "City of New-York," Mayor Wickham humorously arraigned a large number of City officers for alleged shortcomings, charging them with being New-Englanders, and succeeded in finding so many against whom the charges were applicable, and indicated them so plainly, as to cause unbounded merriment.

Rev. Edward Everett Hale, in responding to the toast, "New-England Culture," made an address in which wit and wisdom were happily blended. Commodore Nicholson responded to the toast, "The Army and Navy." Mark Twain provoked a storm of laughter by his rambling talk about "New-England Weather." Rev. John Cotton Smith commanded the fullest attention of the company by his response to the toast set down for him. Responses were made by Rev. Dr. William M. Taylor, Prof. Sanborn, and others.

THE PROCEEDINGS.

The proceedings were begun by the President, Mr. William Borden, who said:

Gentlemen, will you give your reverent attention for a moment, while I call upon Rev. Mr. Courtenay to return thanks?

Rev. Mr. Courtenay responding to the suggestion of the Chairman, offered prayer as follows:

"Most merciful God, and Father, in whom we live and move and have our being; Thou who can satisfy the desire of every living thing we render Thee our thanks for the satisfaction of our bodily appetites, and pray Thee that what we shall now hear may be for the satisfaction of the higher appetite of our intelllects and our reason, for the sake of Jesus Christ our Saviour. Amen.

SPEECH OF MR. SAMUEL L. CLEMENS.

The Oldest Inhabitant—The Weather—

Who hath lost and doth forgot it?
Who hath it still and doth regret it?
"Interpose betwixt us *Twain*."
—*Merchant of Venice.*

I reverently believe that the Maker who made us all, makes everything in New-England but the weather. I don't know who makes that, but I think it must be raw apprentices in the Weather Clerk's factory, who experiment and learn how in New-England, for board and clothes, and then are promoted to make weather for countries that require a good article and will take their custom elsewhere if they don't get it. [Laughter.] There is a sumptuous variety about the New-England weather that compels the stranger's admiration—and regret. [Laughter.] The weather is always doing something there; always attending strictly to business; always getting up new designs and trying them on the people to see how they will go. [Laughter.] But it gets through more business in Spring than in any other season. In the Spring I have counted 136 different kinds of weather inside of four and twenty hours. [Laughter.] It was I that made the fame and fortune of that man that had that marvelous collection of weather on exhibition at the Centennial that so astounded the foreigners. He was going to travel all over the world and get specimens from all the climes. I said, "Don't you do it; you come to New-England on a favorable Spring day." I told him what we could do, in the way of style, variety, and quantity. [Laughter.] Well, he came, and he made his collection in four days. As to variety: why, he confessed that he got hundreds of kinds of weather that he had never heard of before. And as to quantity; well, after he had picked out and discarded all that was blemished in any way, he not only had weather enough, but weather to spare; weather to hire out; weather to sell; to deposit; weather to invest; weather to give to the poor. [Laughter and applause.] The people of New-England are by nature patient and forbearing; but there are some things which they will not stand. Every year they kill a lot of poets for writing about "Beautiful Spring." [Laughter.] These are generally casual visitors, who bring their notions of Spring from somewhere else, and cannot, of course, know how the natives feel about Spring. And so the first thing they know, the opportunity

course, know how the natives feel about Spring. And so, the first thing they know, the opportunity to inquire how they feel has permanently gone by. [Laughter.]

Old Probabilities has a mighty reputation for accurate prophecy, and thoroughly well deserves it. You take up the papers and observe how crisply and confidently he checks off what to-day's weather is going to be on the Pacific, down South, in the Middle States, in the Wisconsin region, see him sail along in the joy and pride of his power till he gets to New-England, and then see his tail drop. He doesn't know what the weather is going to be in New-England. He can't any more tell than he can tell how many Presidents of the United States there's going to be next year. [Applause.] Well, he mulls over it, and by and by he gets out something about like this: Probable nor'-east to sou'-west winds, varying to the southard and westard and eastard and points between; high and low barometer, sweeping around from place to place; probable areas of rain, snow, hail, and drought, succeeded or pre

[Applause.] If we had not our bewitching Autumn foliage, we should still have to credit the weather with one feature which compensates for all its bullying vagaries—the ice-storm—when a leafless tree is clothed with ice from the bottom to the top—ice that is as bright and clear as crystal; every bough and twig is strung with ice-beads, frozen dew-drops, and the whole tree sparkles, cold and white like the Shah of Persia's diamond plume. [Applause.] Then the wind waves the branches, and the sun comes out and turns all those myriads of beads and drops to prisms, that glow and hum and flash with all manner of colored fires, which change and change again, with inconceivable rapidity, from blue to red, from red to green, and green to gold; the tree becomes a sparkling fountain, a very explosion of dazzling jewels; and it stands there the acme, the climax, the supremest possibility in art or nature of bewildering, intoxicating, intolerable magnificence! One cannot make the words too strong. [Long continued applause.]

Month after month I lay up hate and grudge against the New-England weather; but when the ice-storm comes at last, I say, "There, I forgive you now; the books are square between us; you don't owe me a cent; go and sin no more; your little faults and foibles count for nothing; you are the most enchanting weather in the world!" [Applause and laughter.]

THE OTHER TOASTS.

The other toasts of the evening were "The Clergy of New-England," responded to by Rev. John Cotton Smith; "Lafayette—who gave us himself and liberty; and Bartholdi—who gives us Liberty and Lafayette." No response. "The Agricultural and Manufacturing Interests of New-England," Dr. George B. Loring, and "Our Sister Societies," responded to by the Presidents of the Irish, Scotch, and English societies.

The proceedings terminated shortly after midnight.

20. January 13, 1877 - Unsigned book review for Tom Sawyer

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE ADVENTURES OF TOM SAWYER. By MARK TWAIN. Illustrated. The American Publishing Company. 1876.

Shades of the venerable Mr. Day, of the instructive Mrs. Barbauld, of the persuasive Miss Edgeworth! Had you the power of sitting to-day beside the reviewer's desk, and were called upon to pass judgment on the books written and printed for the boys and girls of to-day, would you not have groaned and moaned over their perusal? If such superlatively good children as Harry and Lucy could have existed, or even such nondescript prigs as Sandford and Merton had abnormal being, this other question presents itself to our mind: "How would these precious children have enjoyed Mark Twain's *Tom Sawyer*?" In all books written for the amusement of children there are two distinct phases of appreciation. What the parent thinks of the book is one thing; what the child thinks of it is another. It is fortunate when both parent and child agree in their conclusions. Such double appreciation may, in most instances, simply be one in regard to the fitness of the book on the part of the parent. A course of reading entirely devoted to juvenile works must be to an adult a tax on time and patience. It is only once in many years that such a charming book as *Little Alice in Wonderland* is produced, which old and young could read with thorough enjoyment. If, thirty years ago, *Tom Sawyer* had been placed in a careful father's hands to read, the probabilities would have been that he would have hesitated before giving the book to his boy—not that Mr. Clemens' book is exceptional in character, or differs in the least, save in its cleverness, from a host of similar books on like topics which are universally read by children to-day. It is the judgment of the book-givers which has undoubtedly undergone a change, while youthful

doubtedly undergone a change, while youthful minds, being free from warp, twist, or dogma, have remained ever the same. Returning then to these purely intellectual monstrosities, mostly the pen-and-ink offspring of authors and authoresses who never had any real flesh and blood creations of their own, there can be no doubt that had Sandford or Merton ever for a single moment dipped inside of *Tom Sawyer's* pages, astronomy and physics, with all the musty old farrago of Greek and Latin history, would have been thrown to the dogs. Despite tasseled caps, starched collars, and all the proprieties, these children would have laughed uproariously over *Tom Sawyer's* "cat and the pain-killer," and certain new ideas might have had birth in their brains. Perhaps, had these children actually lived in our times, Sandford might have been a Western steam-boat captain, or Merton a filibuster. *Tom Sawyer* is likely to inculcate the idea that there are certain lofty aspirations which Plutarch never ascribed to his more prosaic heroes. Books for children in former bygone periods were mostly constructed in one monotonous key. A child was supposed to be a vessel which was to be constantly filled up. Facts and morals had to be taken like bitter draughts or acrid pills. In order that they should be absorbed like medicines it was perhaps a kindly thinker who disguised these facts and morals. The real education swallowed in those doses by the children we are inclined to think was in small proportion to the quantity administered. Was it not good old Peter Parley who in this country first broke loose from conventional trammels, and made American children truly happy? We have certainly gone far beyond Mr. Goodrich's manner. There has come an amount of ugly realism into children's story-books, the advantages of which we are very much in doubt about. We draw our pictures, utterly indifferent as to the subjects.

pleasure. No child's book can be perfectly acceptable otherwise. Is *Tom Sawyer* amusing? It is incomparably so. It is the story of a Western boy, born and bred on the banks of one of the big rivers, and there is (exactly that wild village life which has schooled many a man to self-reliance and energy. Mr. Clemens has a remarkable memory for those peculiarities of American boy-talk which the grown man may have forgotten, but which return to him not unpleasantly when once the proper key is sounded. There is one scene of a quarrel, with a dialogue, between Tom and a city boy which is perfect of its kind. Certain chapters in Tom's life, where his love for the school-girls is told, make us believe that for an urchin who had just lost his milk-teeth the affections out West have an awakening even earlier than in Oriental climes. In fact, Tom is a preternaturally precocious urchin. One admirable character in the book, and touched with the hand of a master, is that of Huckleberry Finn. There is a reality about this boy which is striking. An honest old aunt, who adores her scapegrace nephew, is a homely picture worked with exceeding grace. Mr. Clemens must have had just such a lovable old aunt. An ugly murder in the book, over-minutely described and too fully illustrated, which Tom and Huck. see, of course, in a graveyard, leads, somehow or other, to the discovery of a cave, in which treasures are concealed, and to which Tom and Huck. fall heirs. There is no cant about Mr. Clemens. A description of a Sunday-school in *Tom Sawyer* is true to the letter. Matters are not told as they are fancied to be, but as they actually are. Mr. Walters is the Superintendent of the village Sunday-school, and this is Mr. Clemens' idea about him and his actions:

"When a Sunday-school Superintendent makes his customary speech, a hymn-book in the hand is as necessary as the inevitable sheet of music in the hands of a singer, who stands forward on the platform and sings a solo at a concert, though why is a mystery, for neither the hymn nor the sheet of music is ever referred to by the sufferer. This Superintendent was a slim creature of 25, with a

sandy goatee, and short, sandy hair; he wore a stiff standing collar, whose upper edge almost reached his ears, and whose sharp points curved forward abreast the corners of his mouth—a fence that compelled a straight look out ahead, and a turning of the whole body when a side view was required; his chin was propped on his spreading cravat, which was as broad and as long as a bank-note, and had fringed ends; his boots were turned sharply up, in the fashion of the day, like sleigh-runners—an effect patiently and laboriously produced by the young men by sitting with their toes pressed against a wall for hours together. Mr. Walters was very earnest of mien and very sincere and earnest at heart, and held sacred things and places in such reverence and so separated them from wordly matters that unconsciously to himself his Sunday-school voice had acquired a peculiar intonation which was wholly absent on week days."

Have any readers ever seen a Sunday-school "show off"? If they have, it was done exactly as Mr. Clemens tells it:

"Mr. Walters fell to 'showing off,' with all sorts of official bristlings and activities, giving orders, delivering judgments, discharging directions here, there, everywhere that he could find a target. The librarian 'showed off,' running hither and thither with his arms full of books, and making a deal of the splutter and fuss that insect authority delights in. The young lady teachers 'showed off,' bending sweetly over pupils that were lately being boxed, lifting pretty, warning fingers, at bad little boys, and patting good ones lovingly. The young gentlemen teachers 'showed off,' with small scoldings and other little displays of authority, and fine attention to discipline—and most of the teachers, of both sexes, found business up at the library, by the pulpit; and it was business that frequently was to be done over again, two or three times, (with much seeming vexation.) The little girls 'showed off' in various ways, and the little boys 'showed off' with such diligence that the air was thick with paper wads and the murmur of scufflings; and, above it all the great man sat, and beamed a majestic judicial smile upon all the house, and warmed himself in the sun of his own grandeur—for he was 'showing off' too."

Tom, like all boys, gets good and bad by fits

Tom, like all boys, gets good and bad by fits and starts, and becomes a member of the order of the Cadets of Temperance, "being attracted by the showy character of their regalia." Tom swears to abstain from smoking, chewing, and profanity, in order to wear the uniform of the Cadets of Temperance on the occasion of the expected death of a rural Judge, when the regalia is to be sported at his funeral. But as the Judge don't die soon enough, Tom, disgusted with waiting, throws off his regalia and relapses again.

"He handed in his resignation at once, and that night the Judge suffered a relapse and died. Tom resolved that he would never trust a man like that again. The funeral was a fine thing. The cadets paraded in a style calculated to kill the late member with envy. Tom was a free boy again, however; there was something in that. He could drink and swear now, but found, to his surprise, that he did not want to. The simple fact that he could, took the desire away and the charm of it."

If Mr. Clemens has been wanting in continuity in his longer sketches, and that sustained inventive power necessary in dovetailing incidents, *Tom*, as a story, though slightly disjointed, has this defect less apparent. As a humorist, Mr. Clemens has a great deal of fun in him, of the true American kind, which crops out all over the book. Mr. Clemens has an audience both here and in England, and doubtless his friends across the water will re-echo the hearty laughs which the reading of *Tom Sawyer* will cause on this side of the world. We are rather inclined to treat books intended for boys and girls, written by men of accredited talent and reputation, in a serious manner. Early impressions are the lasting ones. It is exactly such a clever book as *Tom Sawyer* which is sure to leave its

book as *Tom Sawyer* which is sure to leave its stamp on younger minds. We like, then, the true boyish fun of Tom and Huck., and have a foible for the mischief these children engage in. We have not the least objection that rough boys be the heroes of a story-book. Restless spirits of energy only require judicious training in order to bring them into proper use. "If your son wants to be a pirate," says Mr. Emerson somewhere, "send him to sea. The boy may make a good sailor, a mate, maybe a Captain." Without advocating the utter suppression of that wild disposition which is natural in many a fine lad, we think our American boys require no extra promptings. Both East and West our little people are getting to be men and women before their time. In the books to be placed, then, into children's hands for purposes of recreation, we have a preference for those of a milder type than *Tom Sawyer*. Excitements derived from reading should be administered with a certain degree of circumspection. A sprinkling of salt in mental food is both natural and wholesome; any cravings for the contents of the castors, the cayenne and the mustard, by children, should not be gratified. With less, then, of Injun Joe and "revenge," and "slitting women's ears," and the shadow of the gallows, which throws an unnecessarily sinister tinge over the story, (if the book really is intended for boys and girls,) we should have liked *Tom Sawyer* better.

21. June 17, 1877 - Mark Twain [How he got his name]

MARK TWAIN.

The San Francisco *Alta* says that this is how Samuel L. Clemens obtained the name which he has made famous, the explanation being given in a letter to Mr. John A. McPherson, of that city:

DEAR SIR: "Mark Twain" was the *nom de plume* of one Capt. Isaiah Sellers, who used to write river news over it for the New-Orleans *Picayune*. He died in 1863, and as he could no longer need that signature, I laid violent hands upon it without asking permission of the proprietor's remains. That is the history of the *nom de plume* I bear. Yours truly, SAMUEL L. CLEMENS.

May 23

22. August 1, 1877 - Amusements - Fifth-Avenue Theatre

AMUSEMENTS.

FIFTH-AVENUE THEATRE.

The representation of the play called "Ah Sin" at the Fifth-Avenue Theatre yesterday evening afforded frequent gratification to a very large audience. The fact that a good many spectators grew perceptibly weary as the performance approached an end, and the still more significant fact that the audience left the house without making the slightest demonstration of pleasure when the curtain fell upon the last scene, may imply that the piece, as a whole, is scarcely likely to secure a really strong hold upon the favor of the public. But it is certain that there was much laughter and applause heard as "Ah Sin" progressed, and the causes of the merriment and plaudits appeared sufficiently numerous to give some vitality to the composition of which they are the principal element. It need hardly be said that Messrs. Bret Harte and Mark Twain's play is by no means a very dramatic or symmetrical work. Humorists, romance-writers, and poets are never born and seldom become dramatists, and both authors of "Ah Sin" are now trying their 'prentice hand in seeking fame and fortune through the medium of the stage. "Ah Sin," however, is not so bad a piece as might have been anticipated. It has a plot, well-worn and transparent though it is at once discovered to be, and hence there is a reason for almost everything said or done during the disentanglement of the narrative. Its

during the disentanglement of the narrative. Its weakness lies in a paucity of striking events, in an almost invariable disregard of the absolute necessity of providing a strong tableau at the close of each act, and in a superabundance of dialogue, mainly coarse, and often inexcusably so, because it has not the excuse of being characteristic. Its merit is to be sought, firstly, in the somewhat novel personage who bestows his name upon the drama; secondly, as mentioned above, in its rather unexpected coherence, and, lastly, in the strange atmosphere into which it transports the listener. Most of the characters do not indeed differ in any essential traits from the every-day heroes and heroines of melodrama, but their language, their attire, and their surroundings breathe an air of freshness over the picture. M. Dennery might turn them into Frenchmen, Mr. Boucicault into Irishmen, and Mr. Daly into Massachusetts saints and sinners, but the charm of local color is of great weight in dealing with Messrs. Harte and Twain's joint production. And the character of *Ah Sin* has unquestionably originality and newness. The typical Chinaman, who acts, too, as a sort of *deus ex machina*, presents a variety of phases of Chinese humor, cleverness, and amusing rascality. His comical *naïveté*, his propensity to beg and steal, his far-seeing policy, thanks to which a happy dénouement of this particular story is brought about, are happily illustrated. Naturally enough *Ah Sin* finally becomes a little monotonous; there is, however, so much idle gabble in the drama that his appearance is usually welcome. Of the serious business intrusted to the other personages there is, as we have said, more than a sufficiency. We shall, therefore, not waste much space upon the story

shall, therefore, not waste much space upon the story of "Ah Sin." It turns upon the rascality of one *Broderick*, who all but murders *Bill Plunkett*—"the champion liar of Calaveras"—and then accuses *York*, a "gentleman miner," of the crime. Just as a committee of lynchers are about to act upon a verdict of guilty, *Ah Sin* fastens the guilt of the deed upon *Broderick* by the exhibition of the murderer's coat, which *Broderick* thought he had long since done away with, and *Plunkett* being subsequently brought into court safe and sound, the piece terminates happily. If Messrs. Harte and Twain had handled all their material as deftly as in the first act, "Ah Sin" would have been a very praiseworthy effort. Although the longest of the four divisions of the play, the first awakens interest and closes with an ingenious surprise. The second act, concluding with an attempt to arrest *Ah Sin* on a charge of murder, and with the flight of the "vigilantes," who are routed by *Ah Sin* expectorating water upon them as though he were dampening linen in the Chinese fashion, is tedious, and the third drags sadly. The vicissitudes of a trial before a "border jury" enliven the fourth act, which would round off the piece very neatly if something besides a scene of extravagant joy worthy a burlesque prefaced the fall of the curtain. "Ah Sin" was capitally acted, last night, and admirably placed upon the stage. Mr. Parsloe's Chinaman could scarcely be excelled in truthfulness to nature and freedom from caricature. Mr. P. A. Anderson pictured with marked force and freedom from conventionality *Bill Plunkett*. Mr. Davidge, as the "chief of the Vigilantes," distinguished himself especially in the trial scene, and the remaining male rôles found

the trial scene, and the remaining male rôles found suitable interpreters in Messrs. Crisp, Collier, Weaver, Varrey, and Vining Bowers. Among the softer sex Mrs. Gilbert bore off the honors, in a new rival of *Mrs. Malaprop*—*Mrs. Plunkett* by name. Much of the language put into *Mrs. Plunkett's* mouth is far from refined, but some of it is funny, though the character and her peculiarities are become well-nigh threadbare. A still more offensive type of femininity—*Caroline Anastasia Plunkett*—was represented by Miss Edith Blande with becoming masculinity. Miss Dora Goldthwaite endowed *Shirley Tempest* with appropriate personal charms, and finally, Miss Mary Wells did all that could be done with *Mrs. Tempest.* After the third act, Mr. Clemens stepped before the footlights, and delivered an address in his familiar vein, but with less than his wonted felicity of style and more than his wonted drawl. "Ah Sin" is to be repeated at the Fifth-Avenue Theatre every evening until further notice.

23. September 20, 1877 - Mark Twain's "Tramp" of The Sea

MARK TWAIN'S "TRAMP" OF THE SEA.

THE SHIP JONAS SMITH—A STRANGE CRAFT AND HER COLORED CAPTAIN—BEGGING FOR BREAD ON THE HIGH SEAS—FROM BERMUDA TO NO ONE KNOWS WHERE.

HARTFORD, Conn., Sept. 19.—Mr. Clemens (Mark Twain,) in a letter to the Hartford *Courant*, solves the mystery of the bark Jonas Smith, reported spoken near Cape Fear recently. He was on a voyage from Bermuda, May 25, 1877, on the steam-ship Bermuda. The bark Jonas Smith was spoken with a signal of distress flying. She was 10 days out from Bermuda, having left there for New-York with five days' provisions for a crew of about 15 colored men. A boat with three men came to the steamer and got a supply of beef, potatoes, and sea biscuit. The facts about the vessel's history and crew, as told by Mr. Clemens, are as follows: One of the three men who came to us in the boat was the Captain and owner of the vessel. We questioned him freely, and all that he said was confirmed afterward by three of our passengers who knew all about the matter. The poor old tub had been condemned officially in Bermuda and sold at auction, and, queerly enough, not as a whole, but by piece-meal, as one may say. For instance, one man bought the topmasts and all the sails, I think; another bought an anchor; another such odds and ends as sky-lights and such things, and this colored man bought what was left, viz: the empty hulk and the stumps of the fore and main masts. He paid £42 for his bargain. Then he bought three old rags, and made one do duty as a spencer on the mainmast, another as a jib, and a third as a sort of flying jib or jib-stay-sail, whichever you please to call it. These had become rags indeed when we saw them, and practically appropriate to the wandering, food-soliciting ocean tramp which the poor old outcast had been all these months that have since dragged by. One of our passengers said that the new owner of this solemn property was offered a sufficiency of ballast for his purposes for $25, but he was not able to afford it and so went to sea in all his perilous emptiness. His idea was to take the craft to New-York and sell her at a profit either as a coaster or to be broken up.

or to be broken up.

We did not hear of any white man being on board, but of course there may have been one, (I don't mean that Portuguese,) but there were 15 colored men at first, if I remember rightly. I asked Capt. Angrove how he could account for that extraordinary crew, when five men would have been more than enough. He said it was easily explained; it was a great thing for those colored islanders to go abroad and see the world; that without doubt their only pay was their pleasure excursion. So this four months' horror is a pleasure excursion. Imagine that. I said I should think that unless the winds were very favorable these rags would not enable the hulk to overcome ocean currents; that when she struck the Gulf Stream she might be carried South; that the provisions would soon run out again, and so, taking all things into consideration, that the crew might be looked on as doomed, perhaps. But Capt. Angrove said that their main trouble would be their danger of getting out of the track of vessels; if they could manage to keep in that they could borrow food and water, and extend their excursion indefinitely. Mr. Clemens gives an extract from his diary of May 25, with full details of meeting the ship, leaving no doubt that his "Tramp of the Sea" has now been four months out from Bermuda, and is now further from her destination than when she started.

24. October 7, 1877 - Mark Twain's War Experiences

MARK TWAIN'S WAR EXPERIENCES.

HIS GRAPHIC RECITAL OF THEM AT THE DINNER TO THE BOSTON ANCIENT AND HONORABLE ARTILLERY COMPANY.

Mr. Samuel L. Clemens was a guest at the dinner given the Boston Ancient and Honorable Artillery company in Hartford by the Putnam Phalanx of that city, and in responding to a toast said:

"I wouldn't have missed being here for a good deal. The last time I had the privilege of breaking bread with soldiers was some years ago with the oldest military organization in England, the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company of London, somewhere about its six hundredth anniversary; and now I have enjoyed this privilege with its eldest child, the oldest military organization in America, the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company of Massachusetts, on this their two hundred and fortieth anniversary. Fine old stock, both of you; and if you fight as well as you feed, God protect the enemy. I did not assemble at the hotel parlors to-day to be received by a committee as a mere civilian guest. No, I assembled at the head-quarters of the Putnam Phalanx, and insisted upon my right to be escorted to this place as one of the military guests. For I, too, am a soldier. I am inured to war. I have a military history. I have been through a stirring campaign, and there is not even a mention of it in any history of the United States or of the Southern Confederacy. To such lengths can the envy and malignity of the historian go. I will unbosom myself here, where I cannot but find sympathy. I will tell you about it and appeal through you to justice. In the earliest Summer days of the war, I slipped out of Hannibal, Mo., by night, with a friend, and joined a detachment of the rebel Gen. Tom Harris' (I find myself in a great minority here) Army, up a gorge behind an old barn in Ralls County. Col. Ralls, of Mexican war celebrity, swore us in. He made us swear to uphold the flag and Constitution of the United States, and to destroy every other military organization that we caught doing the same thing, which, being interpreted, means that we were to repel invasion. Well, you see this mixed us. We couldn't really tell which side we were on. But we went into camp and left it to the God of battles. For that was the term then. I was made Second Lieutenant and Chief Mogul of a company of 11 men

tenant and Chief Mogul of a company of 11 men who knew nothing about war—nor anything, for we had no Captain. My friend, who was 19 years old, 6 feet high, 3 feet wide, and some distance through, and just out of the infant school, was made Orderly Sergeant. His name was Ben Tupper. He had a hard time. When he was mounted and on the march he used to go to sleep, and his horse would reach around and bite him on the leg, and then he would wake up and cry and curse and want to go home. The other men pestered him a good deal, too. When they were dismounted they said they couldn't march in double file with him because his feet took up so much room. One night, when we were round the camp-fire, some fellow on the outside in the cold said: 'Ben Tupper, put down that newspaper; it throws the whole place into twilight, and casts a shadow like a blank.' Ben said: 'I ain't got any newspaper.' Then the other fellow said, 'Oh, I see; 'twas your ear.' We all slept in a corn-crib on the corn, and the rats were very thick. Ben Tupper had been carefully and rightly reared, and when he was ready for bed he would start to pray and a rat would bite him in the heel. And then he would sit up and swear all night and keep everybody awake. He was town-bred and did not seem to have any correct idea of military discipline. If I commanded him to shut up, he would say, 'Who was your nigger last year?' One evening I ordered him to ride out about three miles on picket duty, to the beginning of a prairie. Said he, 'What, in the night, and them blamed Union soldiers likely to be prowling around there any time?' So he wouldn't go, and the next morning I ordered him again. Said he: 'In the rain? I think I see myself!' He didn't go. Next day I ordered him on picket duty once more. This time he looked hurt. Said he: 'What, on Sunday; you must be a —— fool.' Well, picketing might have been a very good thing, but I saw it was impracticable, so I dropped it from my military system. We had a good enough time there at that barn, barring the rats and the mosquitoes and the rain. We levied on both parties impartially, and both parties hated us impartially. But one day we heard that the invader was approaching. So we had to pack up and move, of course, and within 24 hours he was coming again. So we moved again. Next day he was after us once more. Well, we didn't like it much, but we moved, rather than make trouble. And this went on for a week or 10 days, and we saw considerable scenery. Then Ben Tupper's patience was lost. Said he: 'War is not what it's cracked up to be.

Said he: 'War is not what it's cracked up to be. I'm going home, if I can't ever git a chance to sit down a minute. Why do these people keep us a humpin' around so? Blame their skins, do they think this is an excursion?'

"Some of the other town boys got to grumbling. They complained that there was an insufficiency of umbrellas. So I sent around to the farmers and borrowed what I could. Then they complained that the Worcestershire sauce was out. There was mutiny and dissatisfaction all around, and, of course, at such a time as this the invader must come around pestering us again; as much as two hours before breakfast, too, when no one wanted to turn out, of course. This was carrying the thing too far. The whole command felt insulted. I detached one of my aides and sent him to the Brigadier, and asked him to assign us a district where there wasn't so much bother going on. The history of our campaign was laid before him, but instead of being touched by it, what did he do? He sent back an indignant message and said: 'You have had a dozen chances inside of two weeks to capture the enemy and he is still at large. (Well, we knew that!) Stay where you are this time or I will court-martial and hang the whole of you.' Well, I submitted this brutal message to my battalion and asked their advice. Said the Orderly Sergeant: 'If Tom Harris wants the enemy let him come here and get him. I ain't got any use for my share, and who's Tom Harris anyway, I'd like to know, that's putting on so many frills? Why, I knew him when he wasn't anything but a darned telegraph operator. Gentlemen, you can do as you choose. As for me, I've got enough of this sashaying around so's't you can't get a chance to pray, because the time is all required for cussing, so off goes my war-paint. You hear me!' The whole regiment said with one voice, 'That's the talk for me.' So there and then, on the spot, my brigade disbanded itself and tramped off home, with me in the tail of it. I hung up my own sword and returned to the arts of peace, and there were people who said I hadn't been absent from them yet. We were the first men that went into the service in Missouri; we were the first that went out of it anywhere. This, gentlemen, is the history of the part which my division took in the great rebellion, and such is the military record of its Commander-in-Chief, and this is the first time that the deeds of those warriors have been brought officially to the notice of humanity. Treasure these things in your hearts. And so shall the detected and truculent historians of this land be brought to shame and confusion. I ask you to fill your glasses and drink with me to the reverent memory of the Orderly Sergeant and those other neglected and forgotten heroes, my footsore and travel-stained paladins, who were first in war, first in peace, and were not idle during the interval that lay between."

25. December 20, 1877 - Twain at the Whittier Dinner

TWAIN AT THE WHITTIER DINNER.

HIS FIRST AND ONLY ATTEMPT TO TRAVEL ON HIS NOM DE PLUME—THE EXTRAORDINARY GUESTS AN OLD MINER HAD.

The Boston *Advertiser* gives the following report of the remarks of Mr. Samuel L. Clemens at the banquet given in honor of Mr. John G. Whittier in that city on Monday evening:

Mr. CHAIRMAN: This is an occasion peculiarly meet for the digging up of pleasant reminiscences concerning literary folk; therefore, I will drop lightly into history myself. Standing here on the shore of the Atlantic and contemplating certain of its biggest literary billows, I am reminded of a thing which happened to me 15 years ago, when I had just succeeded in stirring up a little Nevadian literary ocean-puddle myself, whose spume-flakes were beginning to blow thinly Californiaward. I started an inspection tramp through the southern mines of California. I was callow and conceited, and I resolved to try the virtue of my *nom de plume*. I very soon had an opportunity. I knocked at a miner's lonely log-cabin in the foot-hills of the Sierras just at nightfall. It was snowing at the time. A jaded, melancholy man of 50, bare-footed, opened to me. When he heard my *nom de plume*, he looked more dejected than before. He let me in—pretty reluctantly, I thought—and after the customary bacon and beans, black coffee and a hot whisky, I took a pipe. This sorrowful man had not said three words up to this time. Now he spoke up and said in the voice of one who is secretly suffering: "You're the fourth—I'm a going to move." "The fourth what?" said I. "The fourth literary man that's been here in 24 hours—I'm a going to move." "You don't tell me!" said I; "Who were the others?" "Mr. Longfellow, Mr. Emerson and Mr. Oliver Wendell Holmes—dad fetch the lot!"

You can easily believe I was interested. I supplicated—three hot whiskys did the rest—and finally the melancholy miner began. Said he:

"They came here just at dark yesterday evening, and I let them in, of course. Said they were going to Yo Semite. They were a rough lot—but that's nothing—everybody looks rough that travels afoot. Mr. Emerson was a seedy little bit of a chap—red-headed. Mr. Holmes was as fat as a balloon—he weighed as much as 300, and had double chins all the way down to his stomach. Mr. Longfellow was built like a prize-fighter. His head was cropped and bristly—like as if he had a wig made of hair-brushes. His nose lay straight down his face, like a finger with the end-joint tilted up. They had been drinking—I could see that. And what queer talk they used! Mr. Holmes inspected this cabin, then he took me by the button-hole, and says he—

"'Through the deep caves of thought

" 'Through the deep caves of thought
I hear a voice that sings:
Build thee more stately mansions,
O my soul!'

"Says I, 'I can't afford it, Mr. Holmes, and, moreover, I don't want to.' Blamed if I liked it pretty well, either, coming from a stranger, that way. However, I started to get out my bacon and beans, when Mr. Emerson came and looked on a while, and then he takes me aside by the button-hole and says:

" 'Give me agates for my meat;
Give me cantharides to eat;
From air and ocean bring me foods,
From all zones and altitudes.'

"Says I, 'Mr. Emerson, if you'll excuse me, this ain't no hotel.' You see it sort of riled me; I wasn't used to the ways of littery swells. But I went on a-sweating over my work, and next comes Mr. Longfellow and button-holes me, and interrupts me. Says he:

" 'Honor be to Mudjikeewis!
You shall hear how Pau-Puk-Keewis—'

"But I broke in, and says I, 'Begging your pardon, Mr. Longfellow, if you'll be so kind as to hold your yawp for about five minutes and let me get this grub ready, you'll do me proud.' Well, Sir, after they'd filled up I set out the jug. Mr. Holmes looks at it, and then fires up all of a sudden and yells,

" 'Flash out a stream of blood-red wine!
For I would drink to other days.'

"By George, I was getting kind of worked up. I don't deny it, I was getting kind of worked up. I turns to Mr. Holmes, and says I, 'Looky here, my fat friend, I'm a-running this shanty, and if the court knows herself, you'll take whisky straight, or you'll go dry.' Them's the very words I said to him. Now I didn't want to sass such famous littery people, but you see they kind of forced me. There ain't nothing onreasonable 'bout me; I don't mind a passel of guests a-treading on my tail three or four times, but when it comes to standing on it, it's different, and if the court knows herself, you'll take whisky straight, or you'll go dry. Well, between drinks, they'd swell around the cabin and strike attitudes and spout. Says Mr. Longfellow,

" 'This is the forest primeval.

"Says Mr. Emerson:

" 'Here once the embattled farmers stood,
And fired the shot heard round the world.'

"Says I: 'O, blackguard the premises as much as you want to—it don't cost you a cent.' Well, they went on drinking, and pretty soon they got out a greasy old deck and went to playing cut-throat euchre at 10 cents a corner—on trust. I began to notice some pretty suspicious things. Mr. Emerson dealt, looked at his hand, shook his head, says:

" 'I am the doubter and the doubt—'

and calmly bunched the hands, and went to shuffling for a new lay-out. Says he,

" 'They reckon ill who leave me out;
When [illegible] not mark the subtle ways

" 'They reckon ill who leave me out;
They know not well the subtle ways
I keep. I pass, and deal *again!*'

"Hang'd if he didn't go ahead and do it, too! Oh, he was a cool one. Well, in about a minute, things were running pretty tight, but of a sudden I see by Mr. Emerson's eye that he judged he had 'em. He had already corraled two tricks, and each of the others one. So now he kind of lifts a little in his chair, and says:

" 'I tire of globes and aces!—
Too long the game is played!'

—and down he fetched a right bower. Mr. Longfellow smiles as sweet as pie, and says:

" 'Thanks, thanks to thee, my worthy friend,
For the lesson thou hast taught!'

—and dog my cats, if he didn't down with another right bower! Well, Sir, up jumps Holmes, a-war-whooping, as usual, and says:

" 'God help them if the tempest swings
The pine against the palm!'

—and I wish I may go to grass if he didn't swoop down with another right bower. Emerson claps his hand on his bowie, Longfellow clasps his on his revolver, and I went under a bunk. There was going to be trouble; but that monstrous Holmes rose up, wobbling his double chins, and says he: 'Order, gentlemen; the first man that draws, I'll lay down on him and smother him!' All quiet on the Potomac, you bet you!

"They were pretty how-come-you-so, now, and they begun to blow. Emerson says: 'The bulliest thing I ever wrote was "Barbara Frietchie."' Says Longfellow, 'It don't begin with my "Biglow Papers."' Says Holmes, 'My "Thanatopsis" lays over 'em both.' They mighty near ended in a fight. Then they wished they had some more company, and Mr. Emerson pointed at me and says:

" 'Is yonder squalid peasant all
That this proud nursery could breed?'

"He was a-whetting his bowie on his boot—so I let it pass. Well, Sir, next they took it into their heads that they would like some music; so they made me stand up and sing 'When Johnny Comes Marching Home' till I dropped—at thirteen minutes past four this morning. That's what I've been through, my friend. When I woke at 7, they were leaving, thank goodness, and Mr. Longfellow had my only boots on, and his own under his arm. Says I, 'Hold on there, Evangeline, what you going to do with them?' He says: 'Going to make tracks with 'em; because—

" 'Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime;
And departing, leave behind us
Footprints in the sands of Time.'

"As I said, Mr. Twain, you are the fourth in 24 hours—and I'm agoing to move—I ain't suited to a literary atmosphere."

I said to the miner, "Why, my dear Sir, these were not the gracious singers to whom we and the world pay homage; these were imposters."

The miner investigated me with a calm eye for a while, then said he, "Ah! imposters, were they?—are you?" I did not pursue the subject, and since then I haven't traveled on my *nom de plume* enough to hurt. Such was the reminiscence I was moved to contribute, Mr. Chairman. In my enthusiasm I may have exaggerated the details a little, but you will easily forgive me that fault, since I believe it is the first time I have ever deflected from perpendicular fact on an occasion like this.

April 12,1878 - the Start fro Germany

THE START FOR GERMANY.

BAYARD TAYLOR OFF FOR BERLIN.

THE HOLSATIA CARRIES AWAY THE NEW MINISTER, ACCOMPANIED BY MARK TWAIN AND HIS FAMILY, AND THE WIFE AND CHILDREN OF MR. MURAT HALSTEAD.

The first name on the passenger list of the Holsatia, that sailed yesterday, was "Hon. Bayard Taylor, United States Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary;" then followed Mrs. Bayard Taylor and Miss Lilian Taylor, Mrs. Murat Halstead, Miss Jenny Halstead, Master Robert Halstead, Mr. Samuel L. Clemens and family.

Mr. Bayard Taylor, Envoy E. and Minister P., was on board bright and early, being an old-enough traveler to go early and avoid the crowd. Although the rain trickled through the muddy-looking skies in a light drizzle, he carried one of the crimson plush chairs from the upper saloon to the after deck, where, thickly surrounded by his colored servant, "Gawge," he kept a watchful eye upon eight lead-colored trunks that lay upon the wharf. These trunks were not pieces of high art, but they fully made up in bulk and number for anything else they may have lacked. It was painfully evident that the new Minister had made a raid upon his friends' trunks. Some of them were marked "L. T." and others "H. B. W." while all bore the words, in large black letters, "Bayard Taylor, U. S. Legation, Berlin." Two were also marked "Wanted on the Voige." Gawge kept up a constant line of communication between his master and the trunks, perhaps to assure him that they were still safe, or, perhaps again, to show that the opera-glass he carried swung from each shoulder was not too much for his strength. Several

shoulder was not too much for his strength. Several cords of steamer chairs, bearing the same ministerial marks, were piled upon the trunks.

The new Minister was smoking another of those large cigars, one eye upon the trunks, with the other watching the wreaths of smoke that puffed to leeward, when a peculiar-looking caravan drove down the pier. It might once have been a coach, but it had been transformed into a sort of pyramid on wheels. As it stopped, and a door opened in its side, a gentleman and two ladies alighted, drawing after them a nurse and a large number of children, whom they carefully counted. The lifting of a few dozen trunks from the top of the pyramid disclosed the Gilsey House coach, shining with gilt. It had brought to the steamer Mr. and Mrs. Samuel L. Clemens, a lady friend of Mrs. Clemens, several children, and a nurse. "Mark Twain," the innocent, who was soon to be abroad again, wore a small black silk cap, which, as one of the bystanders said, made him "look like a brakeman." Having checked off his family into the saloon, he came out upon the deck to shake hands with the new Minister.

"Where's Halstead?" said the innocent.

"I don't know," replied the Minister. "I haven't seen him to-day. I left him about 1 o'clock this morning."

"One o'clock!" echoed Mark Twain; "why, you ought to have been in bed by that time."

"I know it," replied the Minister, "and I begged Reid not to keep it up the last night, but he insisted; and they were all so jolly, I couldn't get away. I've had a hard time of it the last two weeks."

"I've had just as hard a time," said Mark; "I've been railroading for two weeks, and taking mixed drinks. I suppose you stick to one thing all the time—straight."

"Well, I don't know," said Bayard Taylor; "what do you call straight drinks?"

"Coffee," said Mark, "or whisky, if you drink it all the time."

time—straight."

"Well, I don't know," said Bayard Taylor; "what do you call straight drinks?"

"Coffee," said Mark, "or whisky, if you drink it all the time."

A heavy increase in the shower here rudely broke up what promised to be an important State communication.

Mr. Samuel L. Clemens, while in one of the fits of sober earnest that strike him occasionally, said that he was going to Germany, partly for the health of his family, and partly to give him an opportunity to write, which he finds he cannot do well at home.

"I am going to the most out-of-the-way place in Germany I can find," said he; "fifty miles away from any railroad, where I can sleep more than half the time. We have not rented our house in Hartford, so, if we get tired soon, there is nothing to prevent us from coming back at any time; but, if we like it, we may stay for two or three years."

On being asked whether he had more "Innocents Abroad" in mind, he replied:

"I am going to do some writing. I have been contemplating it for a long time, and now I'm in for it. But it will not be any more "Innocents Abroad." That is done up and done for."

"You'd better travel this time as the Sage of Hartford," suggested Minister Taylor.

"I will," said Mark, "or the Thyme, or any other herb."

Mark Twain was accompanied to the steamer by the historical character "Dan," with whom every reader of the *Innocents Abroad* is well acquainted. "Dan" is Mr. Daniel Slote, a wholesale stationer, of William-street, and the manufacturer of the "Mark Twain Scrap-books." Dan engaged Mark's state-rooms several weeks ago, anonymously, and, as he confessed, "was warned by Sam that he must be careful what he said to those newspaper fellows."

Dan insisted upon saying that Sam is one of the best fellows in the world, and the funniest; and the latter statement was so evidently true, that it carried the other through without question.

"I know him from top to bottom," said Dan. "When we were out on the Quaker City expedition, he was the hardest-working man I ever saw. Why,

Minister knew the limp of that lame horse, and a look of joy overspread his face. He rushed to the gang-plank. The lame horse pranced furiously up on three legs. A gentleman alighted. He sprang up the gangway. He grasped the new Minister.

"By Jove," panted Whitelaw Reid, "I was afraid I'd be too late."

"Well don't break my umbrella," said Minister Taylor, "there's time enough for a last embrace."

"There is, my noble friend, there is," responded the alleged editor. "But the morning waxeth damper. Let us within, and get a ——." The voice was lost in the stairway. The last word was probably "blanket." When they reappeared one of the Holsatia's gold-laced Captains was on the gang-plank, driving everybody ashore who was not going to cross the ocean.

"Come, young feller," said he to the editor, in singularly pure German, "you'd better be a gotten' off'n here."

"Sir," retorted the latter, "do you know who I—."

"No," said the officer, still in German, "but you've got to skip, I don't care a (some German word) who you are."

"We must part," said the editor, suddenly, to Bayard Taylor.

"That's so," said Mr. Taylor.

"Adieu! Adieu!"

"Good-bye, old boy. Don't be soft, if you were out late. Good-bye." The whistle blew. The steerage passengers began to leak about the eyes. They were off. Good-bye, new Minister at Berlin. Good-bye, Mark Twain.

27. April 11, 1879 - Too Late for Roger McPherson - Mark Twain Apologizes for Not making a Speech

TOO LATE FOR ROGER M'PHERSON.

MARK TWAIN APOLOGIZES FOR NOT MAKING A SPEECH.

Mark Twain was recently at a dinner of the Stanley Club in Paris, and, being called upon for a speech, is thus reported by the *Continental Gazette*:

"Mr. Ryan said to me just now that I'd got to make a speech. I said to Mr. Ryan, 'The news came too late to save Roger McPherson.' It is sad to know that some things always come too late, and when I look around upon this brilliant assembly I feel disappointed to think what a nice speech I might have made, what fine topics I might have found in Paris to speak about among these historic monuments, the architecture of Paris, the towers of Notre Dame, the caves, and other ancient things. Then I might have said something about the objects of which Paris folks are fond—literature, art, medicine, [then taking a card from his vest pocket as if to take a glance at his notes,] and adultery. But the news came too late to save Roger McPherson! Perhaps you are not as well acquainted with McPherson as I am? Well, I'll explain who McPherson was. When we sailed from New-York there came on board a man all haggard—a mere skeleton. He wasn't much of a man, he wasn't, and on the voyage we often heard him say to himself 'The news came too late to save Roger McPherson.' I got interested, and I wanted to know about the man, so I asked him who was McPherson, and he said, 'I'm McPherson; but the news came too late to save Roger McPherson.' 'How too late?' I asked. 'About three weeks too late,' he replied; 'I'll tell you how it happened: A friend of mine died, and they told me I must take his body on the cars to his parents in Illinois. I said I'd do it, and they gave me a card with the address, and told me to go down to the depot and put it on a box I'd find there, have the box put on the baggage car, and go right along with it to Illinois. I found the box all right, and nailed the card on it, and put it on the

all right, and nailed the card on it, and put it on the cars; then I went in the depot and got a sandwich. I was walking around, eating my sandwich, and I passed by the baggage-room, and there was my box, with a young man walking around, looking at it, and he had a card in his hand. I felt like going up to that young man, and saying, "Stranger, that's my corpse." But I didn't. I walked on, ate my sandwich, and when I looked in again the young man was gone; but there was that card nailed right on that box. I went and looked on that card. It was directed to Col. Jenkins, Cleveland, Ohio. So I looked in the car, and there was my box all right. Just before the train started, a man came into the baggage car and laid a lot of limberger cheese down on my box; he didn't know what was in my box, you know, and I didn't know what was in his paper, but I found out later. It was an awful cold night, and after we started the baggage-master came in. He was a nice fellow, Johnson was, and he said, "A man would freeze to death, out there; I'll make it all right." So he shut all the doors and all the windows, built a rousing coal fire in the stove; then he took turns fixing the car and poking the fire, till I began to smell something and feel uncomfortable, so I moved as far away from my corpse as I could, and Johnson says to me, "A friend of yours? Did he die lately? This year I mean." Says I, "I'll fix it;" so I opened a window, and we took turns breathing the fresh air. After a while Johnson said, "Let's smoke, I think that'll fix it." So we lit our cigars and puffed a bit, but we got so sick that we let 'em go out again—it didn't do any good. We tried the air again. Says Johnson, "He's in no trance, is he? There's doubt about some people being dead, but there's no doubt about him, is there? What did he die of?" We stopped at a station, and when we started off again Johnson came in with a bottle of disinfector, and says, "I've got something now that'll fix it." So he sprinkled it all around, over the box, the limberger, and over everything; but it wouldn't do, the smells didn't mix well. Johnson said, "Just think of it. We've all got to die, all got to come to this." Then we thought we'd move the box to one end on the car; so we stooped over it; I took one end and he took the other, but we couldn't get it far. Johnson says, "We'll freeze to death if we stay out on the platform; we'll die if we stay in here." So we took hold of it again; but Johnson, he couldn't stand it, he fell right over. I dragged him out on the platform, and the cold air soon brought him to, and we went in the car to get warm. "What are we going to do?" asked Johnson, and he looked ill. "We are sure to have typhoid fever and half a dozen other fevers. We're

28. September 3, 1879 - Mark Twain Home Again

MARK TWAIN HOME AGAIN

WHAT HE SAYS ABOUT THE NEW BOOK HE HAS WRITTEN.

A WORK SOMETHING LIKE "INNOCENTS ABROAD"—LONGING FOR A RIDE ON THE ELEVATED ROAD—AN AUDIENCE THAT WAITED IN VAIN FOR A STUPENDOUS JOKE.

Mr. Samuel L. Clemens, who is much better known to Americans as Mark Twain, the pilgrim who was moved to tears while leaning upon the tomb of Adam, and the nearest surviving kin of the jumping frog of Calaveras, reached this City in the steam-ship Gallia yesterday, after an absence of a year and a half in Europe. Mr. Twain was accompanied by his wife, 12 trunks, and 22 freight packages; and the entire party, after a smooth voyage, arrived in good health and spirits, and were met and welcomed down at Quarantine by a number of friends. During his absence he has visited London, Paris, Heidelberg, Munich, Venice, and a number of other cities, spending most of his time on the Continent, and making prolonged stays in Paris, Heidelberg, and Munich. When Mark Twain went away, it was generally believed that his intention was to familiarize himself with German, that he might prepare one or two scientific works that are still lacking in that language. He not only did not deny these reports, but rather encouraged them, and his taking passage in a German steamer added greater probability to them. It is now certain, however, that such was not his object. He did have some designs upon the German language, but not with the intention of producing a scientific work. A very celebrated Professor in Munich, who has since died, wrote him a long German letter, inquiring about the point of one of the jokes in "Innocents Abroad," and Mr. Twain desired to learn enough of the lan-

and Mr. Twain desired to learn enough of the lan-
guage to explain away the difficulty. After more than a year of study he says he can read German well enough, but that, when it comes to talking, English is good enough for him.

"Yes," said he, in response to questions asked by a group of reporters who surrounded him on all sides, except that occupied by the saloon table, so thickly that he could not fill out his Custom-house declaration, "I have been writing a new book, and have it nearly finished, all but the last two or three chapters. The first half of it, I guess, is finished, but the last half has not been revised yet; and when I get at it I will do a good deal of rewriting and a great deal of tearing up. I may possibly tear up the first part of it, too, and rewrite that." With all this tearing up in prospect, the book seemed in such danger of being entirely destroyed that one of the reporters suggested the production of a few chapters in advance in the newspapers, as samples; but Mr. Twain said that the manuscript was in the bottom of one of his trunks, where it could not possibly be reached. He added, however, that the book was descriptive of his latest trip and the places he visited, entirely solemn in character, like the "Innocents Abroad," and very much after the general plan of that work; and that it has not yet been named. It is to be published by the same company that brought out his other books, and is to be ready in November. "They want me to stay in New-York and revise it," he continued; "but I cannot possibly do that. I am going to start to-morrow morning for Elmira, where we will stay for some time."

On his outgoing voyage, Mr. Twain had for fellow-passengers Mr. Bayard Taylor, the American Minister to Germany, and Mr. Murat Halstead, who started on five minutes' notice, and without any clothes except those he wore. "I did not see Mr. Taylor after we left the ship," he said, "but corresponded frequently with him. His death was a great surprise to me. Oh, no, I did not lend Mr. Halstead any clothes. He could not get into mine; and, besides, I hadn't any more than I wanted for myself."

The age of the author of "Innocents Abroad," "Roughing It," and "The Gilded Age," has not increased, apparently, in the last two years. His hair is no whiter than when he last sailed for Europe. He is very much the same man, except that he went away in a silk cap and came back in a cloth hat. He was particularly well pleased with the steamer. "I don't like some of these vessels," said he; "some of them keep a man hungry all the time, unless he has

them keep a man hungry all the time, unless he has a good appetite for boiled rice. I know some steamers where they have the same bill of fare they used to have when the company ran sailing packets; beans on Tuesday and Friday, stewed prunes on Thursday, and boiled rice on Wednesday; all very healthy, but very bad. But we are fed like princes aboard here, and have made a comfortable voyage. We have been in some seas that would have made the old Quaker City turn somersaults, but this ship kept steady through it all. We could leave a mirror lying on the washstand, and it would not fall off. If we stood a goblet loose on the shelf at night, it would be there in the morning." Mr. Twain declined positively, however, to say whether a cocktail, left standing on the shelf at night, would be there all safe in the morning. The ship was hardly steady enough for that.

There was a little ponderous silence that no one interrupted, for the returning writer was evidently revolving something in his mind. "I want a ride on one of the elevated railroads," said he; "I've never been on one of them yet. I used to be afraid of them, but it's no use. Death stares us in the face everywhere, and we may as well take it in its elevated form. I have a friend who wanted to take a ride on the elevated when the first one was built; but when he looked at it he thought of his wife and children, and concluded to walk home. On the way up town a woman who was washing a third-story window fell out, and just grazed my friend's head. She was killed, and he had a very narrow escape. It's no use; there are women washing windows everywhere, and we may as well fall as be fallen upon."

A very large Custom-house officer, with a great deal of handsome gilt work on his cap, and very large, wide pockets in his clothes, occupied Mr. Twain's attention for some time, and the latter pondered over the joke of how to swear that 12 trunks and 22 freight packages contained nothing dutiable. A smile lit up the face of the Customs man when he read about the 22 parcels. He was opening them in advance, in his mind, and taking the contents out of boxes that they would not go into again, and nicking little corners off the statuettes.

"This new book of mine," said he, breaking suddenly off from the Custom-house blanks, "is different from any book I ever wrote. Before, I revised the manuscript as I went along, and knew pretty well at the end of each week how much of the week's work I should use, and how much I should throw away. But this one has been written pretty much all in a lump, and I hardly know how much of it I will use, or how much will have to be torn up. When

all in a lump, and I hardly know how much of it I will use, or how much will have to be torn up. When I start at it I tear it up pretty fast, but I think the first half will stand pretty much as it is. I am not quite sure that there is enough yet prepared, but I am still at work at it." The group of reporters and five or six listening cabin passengers stood by waiting for something stupendous in the way of a joke to follow all this serious talk. Several times Mr. Twain's lips moved, as if about to speak, but he was silent. The upper end of Staten Island was passed, and the joke was still unborn. Governor's Island came alongside, the Battery drew astern, the Cunard pier was reached, and yet the joker by profession and reputation kept his audience in suspense. The landing was made, but the joke still lay locked up, with the manuscript, in the bottom of the trunk.

29. October 19, 1879 - "The Innocents" in Elmira & Patriotic Letter from Mark Twain

"THE INNOCENTS" IN ELMIRA.

MARK TWAIN CONDUCTS A LARGE REPUBLICAN MEETING—GEN. HAWLEY, POLITICS. AND "BEAUTIFUL SNOW."

ELMIRA, N. Y., Oct. 18.—The largest political meeting of the campaign was held in this city by the Republicans last evening. The Opera-house was densely packed to hear Gen. Joseph R. Hawley, of Connecticut. Gen. Hawley was introduced by Mark Twain, (Samuel L. Clemens,) who said: "I see I am advertised to introduce the speaker of the evening, Gen. Hawley, of Connecticut, and I see it is the report that I am to make a political speech. Now, I must say this is an error. I wasn't constructed to make stump speeches, and on that head (politics) I have only this to say: First, see that you vote. Second, see that your neighbor votes. Lastly, see that yourself or neighbor don't scratch the ticket. Gen. Hawley was President of the Centennial Commission. He was a gallant soldier in the war. He has been Governor of Connecticut, member of Congress, and was President of the convention that nominated Abraham Lincoln."

Gen. Hawley—That nominated Grant.

Twain—He says it was Grant, but I know better. He is a member of my church at Hartford and the author of "Beautiful Snow." May be he will deny that. But I am only here to give him a character from his last place. As a pure citizen, I respect him; as a personal friend of years, I have the warmest regard for him; as a neighbor whose vegetable garden adjoins mine, why—why, I watch him. That's nothing; we all do that with any neighbor. Gen. Hawley keeps his promises not only in private but in public. He is an editor who believes what he writes in his own paper. As the au-

what he writes in his own paper. As the author of "Beautiful Snow" he has added a new pang to Winter. He is broad-souled, generous, noble, liberal, alive to his moral and religious responsibilities. Whenever the contribution-box was passed I never knew him to take out a cent. He is a square, true, honest man in politics, and I must say he occupies a mighty lonesome position. He has never shirked a duty or backed down from any position taken in public life. He has been right every time, and stood there. As Governor, as Congressman, as a soldier, as the head of the Centennial Commission, which increased our trade in every port and pushed American production into all the known world, he has conferred honor and credit upon the United States. He is an American of Americans. Would we had more such men! So broad, so bountiful is his character that he never turned a tramp empty handed from his door, but always gave him a letter of introduction to me. His public trusts have been many, and never in the slightest did he prove unfaithful. Pure, honest, incorruptible, that is Joe Hawley. Such a man in politics is like a bottle of perfumery in a glue factory—it may modify the stench if it doesn't destroy it. And now, in speaking thus highly of the speaker of the evening, I haven't said any more of him than I would say of myself. Ladies and gentlemen, this is Gen. Hawley."

Mr. Clemens was frequently interrupted by applause and laughter. At the close of his remarks, Gen. Hawley stepped forward and, for an hour and a half, spoke on the issues of the day.

BANQUET OF THE ARMY OF THE TENNESSEE.

ANOTHER LONG SPEECH BY THE GENERAL—THE TOASTS AND THE SPEAKERS.

CHICAGO, Nov. 14.—At the banquet last night, given by the Society of the Army of the Tennessee, at the Palmer House, 601 covers were laid, and every chair was occupied. The bill of fare was printed on a card shaped into the likeness of a tent, adorned with battle-scenes. After dining, the President of the society announced the first toast: "Our Country—Her place among nations."

Gen. Grant responded as follows: "GENERAL OF THE ARMY AND INVITED GUESTS: A notice was sent to me some days ago that I was to speak, but I paid no attention to it at the time, having had no idea until I got here what it was I was to reply to, and thinking that when the time came I could execute some flank movement and get out of it, but after my arrival here I found I was to be the first one to be called upon. You would have me say much about the position of our country among the nations of the earth. Our nation we have been in the habit of looking upon as one of the first nations of the earth. For a long period of time the Yankee had not only a very respectable opinion of himself, but of his country as a whole, and it has been our own opinion that we had nothing to fear in a contest with

had nothing to fear in a contest with any other power. I am pleased to say that from the observations that I have been able to make in the last two and a half years, we are beginning to be regarded a little by other powers as we in our vanity have regarded ourselves as to the place we have among nations. I think we have all the elements that go to make up a great nationality. We have the strength, we have the individual self-controlling independence, and we have to a greater degree than almost any other nation the power to colonize and settle up new countries and develop them. We have also a very great advantage in being without neighbors to molest or make us afraid. It is true we have northern frontiers and southern frontiers, and we get along with a very small Army, keeping no standing army—and what little we have is not a standing army, because it has no time to stand. I do not know anything that I can especially add to what I have said, except in the way of advice, and that is, let us be true to ourselves, avoid all bitterness and ill-feeling, either on the part of sections or parties, toward each other, and we need have no fear in future of maintaining the standing we have taken among nations, so far as opposition from foreign nations goes." [Applause.]

as opposition from foreign nations goes." [Applause.]

The second toast, "The President and Congress of the United States," was then given. Gen. Logan, in response, discussed the relations and respective duties of these two branches of the Government from a legal and political stand-point. He reviewed the list of Presidents who have served with honor to themselves and to the nation, with special eulogies of Jackson, Lincoln, and Grant. The third toast, "The Army of the Tennessee: Under Great Leaders it accomplished Great Victories," was replied to by Gen. S. A. Hurlburt. Gen. Hurlburt's remarks were followed by music by the Lombards—"Marching Through Georgia," the whole company joining in the chorus. The fourth toast, "Our First Commander, Gen. U. S. Grant," was responded to by Col. Vilas. The fifth toast, "The Army of the Tennessee," in the absence of Lieut.-Gen. Sheridan, was responded to by Gen. Schofield. The response to the sixth toast, "The Navy," was assigned to Secretary Thompson. The seventh toast, "The Officers and Soldiers of the Mexican War," was responded to by Leonard Swett. The eight toast, "The Memory of McPherson, Blair, and All of Our Heroic Dead," was drunk standing and in silence, a dirge being played by the band. The ninth toast was, "The Army of the Cumberland and its Leader, the Rock of Chickamauga: Their glory can never fade," and was responded to by Gen. Garfield. The tenth toast, "The Army of the Potomac—it fought with persistent valor and achieved victory and undying fame," was responded to by Gen. Woodford. The response to the eleventh toast, "All the other Armies of the Union—alike with us, they shared the dangers and hardships of the war; alike with us, they share the honor of its grand achievement," devolved on Gen. Pope. The twelfth toast, "The Volunteer Soldiers of the Union Army, whose valorous patriotism saved to the world a Government of the people by the people and for the people," was responded to by Col. Ingersoll. The thirteenth toast, "The Patriotic People of the United States, who fed, clothed, and encouraged our armies, and stood by us in defeat as well as in victory," was responded to by Emory A. Storrs.

The response to the fourteenth toast, "Wom-

The response to the fourteenth toast, "Woman," devolved on Gen. Fletcher. The fifteenth toast, "The Babies—As they comfort us in our sorrows, let us not forget them in our festivities," was responded to by Samuel L. Clemens in a humorous and highly appreciated speech. His injunction, "As long as you are in your right mind don't you ever pray for twins; twins amount to a permanent riot, and there ain't any real difference between triplets and an insurrection," called forth shouts of laughter. In conclusion, he alluded to the future Farraguts, historians, and Presidents, who are now lying in their cradles, and said: "In still one more cradle, somewhere under the flag, the future illustrious Commander-in-Chief of the American armies is so little burdened with his approaching grandeurs and responsibilities as to be giving his whole strategic mind, at this moment, to trying to find some way to get his big toe into his month, an achievement which, meaning no disrespect, the illustrious guest of this evening turned his attention to some 56 years ago; and if the child is but a prophecy of the man, there are mighty few who will doubt that he succeeded." [Laughter and applause.]

Gen. Grant is spending to-day quietly at the house of his son, Col. Fred Grant, where he held a private reception this afternoon. In the evening the Chicago Club tendered him a reception. To-morrow afternoon Gen. Grant will have his first public reception here at the Grand Pacific Hotel, lasting from 3 to 5 o'clock. The public at large will thus have an opportunity to shake him by the hand. Later in the evening he will sit down with a few friends to a dinner given by John B. Drake. Among those invited to meet him at dinner are Judge Drummond, of the United States Circuit Court, and Gov. Gear, of Iowa.

HOW HIS TIME IS WASTED

SHOOTING IN THE DARK.

MARK TWAIN MISAPPREHENDS A POST OFFICE REGULATION AND, FAILS TO MAKE A HIT.

To the Editor of the Hartford Courant:

SIR: The new postal regulation adds quite perceptibly to my daily burden of work. Needlessly, too, as I think. A day or two ago I made a note of the addresses which I had put upon letters that day, and then ciphered up to see how many words the additional particularities of the new ruling had cost me. It was *seventy-two*. That amounts to just a page of my manuscript, exactly. If it were stuff that a magazine would enjoy I could sell it and gradually get rich as time rolled on; as it isn't, I lose the time and the ink. I don't get a cent for it, the Government grows no wealthier; I grow poorer, nobody in the world is benefited. Seventy-two words utterly wasted; and, mind you, when a man is paid by the word, (at least, by the page, which is the same thing,) this sort of thing hurts. Here are one or two specimens from those addresses, with the unnecessary additions in italics:

Editor "Atlantic Monthly,"
Care Messrs. Houghton, Osgood & Co.,
Winthrop-square,
Boston,
Mass.

Nine words wasted—I used to use only the first line and the word "Boston"—and until the letter-carriers lose their minds the additional nine words can never become necessary.

Messrs. Arnold, Constable & Co.,
Cor. 19th & B'way,
New-York,
N. Y.

Six unnecessary words.

Gilsey House,
Cor. 29th & B'way,
New-York,
N. Y.

Six unnecessary words.

Even the dead people in Boston and New-York could tell a letter-carrier how to find these prominent houses. That same day I wrote a letter to a friend at the Windsor Hotel, New-York—surely, that house is prominent enough, ain't it? But I could not precisely name the side streets, neither did I know the name of the back street, nor the head cook's name. So that letter would have gone to the dead-letter office sure, if I hadn't covered it all over with an appeal to Mr. James to take it under his personal official protection and let it go to that man at the Windsor just this once, and I would not offend any more.

Now, you know yourself that there is no need of an official decree to compel a man to make a letter address full and elaborate where it is at all necessary—for the writer is more anxious that his letter shall go through than the Postmaster-General can be. And when the writer cannot supply those minute details from lack of knowledge, the decree cannot help him in the least. So what is the use of the decree? As for those common mistakes, the misdirecting of letters, the leaving off the county, the State, &c., do you think an official decree can do away with that? You know yourself that heedless, absent-minded people are bound to make those mistakes, and that no decree can knock the disposition out of them.

Observe this—I have been ciphering, and I know that the following facts are correct. The new law will compel 18,000 great mercantile houses to employ three extra correspondents at $1,000 a year—$54,000—smaller establishments in proportion. It will compel 30,000,000 of our people to write a daily average of 10 extra words apiece—300,000,000 unnecessary words; most of these people are slow—the average will be half a minute consumed on each 10 words—15,000,000 minutes of this nation's time fooled away every day—say 247,400 hours—which amounts to about 25,000 working days of 10 hours each; this makes 82 years of 300 working days each, counting out Sundays and sickness—82 years of this nation's time wholly thrown away every day! Value of the average man's time, say $1,000 a year—now do you see?—$82,000 thrown away daily; in round numbers $25,000,000 yearly; in 10 years, $250,000,000; in a hundred years, $2,500,000,000; in a million

32. December 14, 1879 - The Postal Order Again

THE POSTAL ORDER AGAIN

MARK TWAIN ANSWERS MR. KEY'S PRIVATE SECRETARY.

THE POSTMASTER-GENERAL'S "UNNECESSARY APPENDAGE" INSTRUCTED IN HIS DUTIES AND PRIVILEGES.

To the Editor of the Hartford Courant:

A day or two ago I received a formidable envelope from Washington inclosing a letter and some printed matter. This envelope had certain peculiarities about it. For instance, in its right-hand upper corner an oval black stamp was printed, bearing the words, "United States Postal Service;" in the upper left-hand corner the following words were printed in large, bold type, in three separate lines, thus:

Post Office Department,
Office of the Postmaster-General,
OFFICIAL BUSINESS.

In the lower left-hand corner was printed the following words, in two separate lines, thus:

A penalty of $300 *is fixed by law for using this envelope for other than* OFFICIAL BUSINESS.

In this majestic envelope I found the following, among other things:

POST OFFICE DEPARTMENT,
WASHINGTON, D. C., Nov. 30, 1879.

S. M. Clemens, Esq., Hartford, Conn.:

DEAR SIR: Noticing your letter to the Hartford *Courant* upon the recent order of the Postmaster-General, I take the liberty of inclosing a few copies of a tract which the department has prepared in order to meet such hardened cases as yours. After reading the tract and the inclosed clipping from the Cincinnati *Enquirer*, which latter I wish you would return to me, as it is the only copy I have, you will see that the "unnecessary labor" of which you complain was really as unnecessary as the complaint, the only utility of which was to add to the already surplus stock of misinformation in the world, and to enable some needy compositors to increase their strings by several thousand, which latter end might have been just as well attained by the use of bogus.

I send you by this mail a copy of the Postal laws and regulations, to explain the allusions in the tract, and hope you will take the trouble to look into the

and hope you will take the trouble to look into the matter thoroughly. The department is a unit in regarding the order as the greatest step toward perfecting the postal service that has been taken for years, and its officers are confident that when the public understand it they will sustain it. Yours truly,

THOMAS B. KIRBY,
Private Secretary to the Postmaster-General.

MY CALLOW FRIEND: When you shall have outgrown the effervescences of youth and acquired a bit of worldly experience, you will cease to make mistakes like that. That is to say, you will refrain from meddling in matters which do not concern you; you will recognize the simple wisdom of confining yourself strictly to your own business. There are persons who would resent this innocent piece of impertinence of yours, and say harsh things to you about it; but fortunately for you, I am not that sort of person. Whatever else I may lack, I have a good heart. Therefore, in a humane and gentle spirit, I will try to set you right upon certain small points—not to hurt you, but to do you good. You seem to think you have been called to account. This is a grave error. It is the Post Office Department of the United States of America which has been called to account. There is a difference here which you have overlooked; I will point it out. You are not the Post Office Department, but only an irresponsible, inexpensive, and unnecessary appendage to it. Grave, elderly men, public instructors, like me, do not call private secretaries to account. Bear this in mind; it will be a help to you. The mistake you have made is simple—you have imagined yourself the dog, whereas you are the tail. You have endeavored to wag the dog; this was not judicious. You should have hung quiescent until the dog wagged you. If I stepped on this tail—and we will grant for the sake of argument that I did—it was not to call the tail's attention to anything, but only to direct the attention of the main body of the animal to a certain matter. You perceive it was simply in the nature of ringing a bell, that is all; my business was not with the bell itself, but with the owner of it. A bell is a useful thing, in a measure, but it should not keep on ringing when one is done with it. Do I make myself partially understood? Lest there be any doubt, let me illustrate further—by parable; for the parable is the simplest and surest vehicle for conveying information to the immature mind. You seem to have gathered the impression, somehow, that you are a member of the Cabinet. This is an error. You are only extraneous matter connected with a member of the Cabinet. Your chief is one of the guns of that battery, but you are not. You are not the gun or the load, or even the ram-rod; neither do you supply

tory, but you are not. You are not the gun or the load, or even the ram-rod; neither do you supply the ammunition. You only do up the cartridge, and serve as a fire-stick to touch it off. You are not the barrel of molasses; you are only the faucet through which the molasses is discharged. You are not the boot, but the boot-jack; that is to say, you do not furnish the idea, you only pull it off. You are not the lightning, but only the lightning-rod. Do you perceive? The thing I am trying to convey to you is, that it does not become you to assume functions which do not belong to you. You may think it strange that I am closing this note without saying anything upon the matter which you have broached. Overlook that, drop it out of your mind—we do not disturb the repose of private secretaries with affairs with which they have nothing to do. The newspaper slip which you have inclosed to me will be returned to you by one of my private secretaries. I keep 11 of these things—not for use, but display. Although I cannot consent to talk public business with you, a benevolent impulse moves me to call your attention to a matter which is of quite serious importance to you as an individual. You, an unofficial private citizen, have written me an entirely personal and unofficial letter, which you have had the temerity to inclose to me in a department envelope bearing upon its surface in clear print this plain and unmistakable warning: "A penalty of $300 is fixed by law for using this envelope for other than official business." The servants of the Government's officers ought to be, for simple decency's sake, among the last to break its laws. You have committed a serious offense—an offense which has none of the elements of a joke about it—and only plain and simple treachery to his duty on the part of your superior can save you from the penalty involved. The kindly and almost affectionate spirit which I have shown you is sufficient evidence that I do not wish you any harm, but, indeed, the reverse. So, if that treachery shall intervene to shelter you, I shall not be sorry—as far as you individually are concerned—but I should be unfaithful to my citizenship if I did not at the same time feel something of a pang to see a law of the land coolly ignored and degraded by one of the very highest officers of the Government. As far as I am concerned you are safe, unless you intrude upon me again, in which case I may be tempted to bring you before the courts myself for the violation of that law. There, now, receive my blessing. Go, and do not mix into other people's affairs any more. Otherwise, you may pick up somebody who will feed disagreeable words to you instead of sugar.

MARK TWAIN.

THE PRIVATE SECRETARY RETORTS.

To the Editor of the Hartford Evening Post:

SIR: My attention has been called to a letter in the *Courant* of Dec. 9, signed "Mark Twain," and apparently intended for me, although Mr. Twain has not as yet had the courtesy to direct one of his eleven private secretaries to send me a copy thereof, so that I should never have known of this letter but for the kindness of some friends. The experience of others during some 10 years that I owned and edited a country daily satisfied me that a correspondent who attempted to correct an editor in his own paper had mistaken his calling, and as Mr. Twain is evidently sadly in need of correction, I must ask your indulgence for the following:

WASHINGTON, D. C., Dec. 11, 1879.

Mark Twain, Esq.:

AGED AND RESPECTED SIR: I don't know that I quite grasp the meaning of your letter in the *Courant* of the 9th inst.; there is such a wealth of illustration in it that one almost loses sight of the matter intended to be illustrated in his admiration of the beauty of the illustrations; but as near as I can make it out you seem to be under the impression that I felt aggrieved, trod upon, sat down upon, pulled, or otherwise misused, either personally, or as as an "irresponsible, inexpensive, and unnecessary appendage" to the Post Office Department, by your letter to which my communication referred.

Now, right there is where you make a very serious mistake. There was nothing in your first letter personal to myself, and its misrepresentations of the regulations of the Post Office Department were in themselves no more worthy of notice than those of a hundred irresponsible, ignorant, and unknown newspaper writers, whose marked effusions are daily sent to the department by their misguided readers. So far as the order of the Postmaster-General and the regulations of the department are concerned, they need no defense, because any man who has sense enough to comprehend them, sees at a glance that they are right, and the officers of the department have no time to waste in correcting the misinformation concerning them so sedulously disseminated by many of the common run of newspaper men.

Nothing in the world could have induced me or anybody connected with the postal service to notice your letter had it appeared as an editorial in the Barkhamsted *Bugle of Freedom*, from which I thought it had been extracted by the editor of the paper in which I found it, until I came to the signature; but when I saw the signature, I said to myself: "Now, here is another good man gone wrong, grievously wrong. Here is a man that I have been looking up to for years as my guide, philosopher, and

looking up to for years as my guide, philosopher and friend, a man whose fame covers the hemispheres, as the inventor of a scrap-book, the inaugurator of the movement to erect a monument to Adam, and the only man who ever dared to speak irreverently of members of the Boston Mutual Admiration Society in the presence of a meeting of that society, and this man has been writing about a matter of which he is so utterly and hopelessly ignorant that he thinks he knows all about it."

"It won't do," said I to myself, "to let such a man as this continue to languish in darkness and reflect the same upon his neighbors." So, out of pure benevolence, I sent you the documents, believing that when you had been furnished the evidence that you were all wrong, and had been so from the beginning, you would not retract, for that would be fatal, but that you would, at least, say that the department had receded from the position in which you had placed it, and that it was at any rate, according to your latest advices, not exactly the imbecile institution which you had represented it to be.

I am glad to see that I was not disappointed, but I am a little surprised to find you laying the responsibility of your former ignorance upon the department.

Still, I don't know that I can blame you either for that or for the (to me) somewhat personal preface to your recantation. In an ordinary man it would be regarded as natural, but I had somehow thought better things of you. You see I supposed, as a matter of course, when you killed your conscience you had also made away with your sensitiveness. To a professional humorist, a man who makes his living by prodding other people, a thin skin is even more inconvenient than a conscience, and I had not the slightest idea that you would get mad at a little thing like my letter. I can only say, by way of palliation, that if I have done anything for you to be sorry for, I am glad of it.

In conclusion, permit me to suggest that if you will kindly stir up that particular one of your 11 private secretaries, whose duty it is to return that newspaper clipping I sent you, you will greatly oblige. Yours truly, THOMAS B. KIRBY.